Delattre sculp.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From Urry's Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of fonges glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fulfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maister CHAUCER---chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe fchulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-fterre----
That made firft to dyftylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of fpeche and eloquence
Into our tunge thrugh his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of Englifh tong is dede----
My mayfter CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Univerfel fadir in fcience----
This londis verray trefour and richeffe----
The firfte fynder of our fayre langage. OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and regulere,
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,
Milky fountane, clere ftrand, and rois riall,
Of frefche endite throw Albioun iland braid. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rofe of rethouris all,
As in oure toung flour imperial
That raife in Brittane evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The frefche enamilt termes celeftiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every toung terreftriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight. DUNBAR.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, *viz.*

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

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But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale sain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath ſayd hem in ſwiche Engliſh as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not ſayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath ſayd hem in another----
Who ſo that wol his large Volume ſeke. TALES, *ver.* 4465.

Dan CHAUCER, well of Engliſh undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd----
Old Dan Geffrey, in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He whilſt he lived was the ſoveraigne head
Of ſhepherds all------- SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades
Darkneſs again the age invades. DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He ſang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying-----
Him who in times------
Dark and untaught began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land. AKENSIDE.

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MISCELLANIES.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Many menne ſaine that in ſweveninges
Ther n'is but fables and leſinges;
But yet menne maie ſome ſwevin ſene
Whiche hardily that falſe ne bene,
But aftirwarde ben apparaunt,
This maie I drawin to warraunt.
  An author that hight Macrobes,
That halte not dremis falſe ne leſe,
But undoth us the aviſioun
That whilom mette King Cipioun.

The Romaunt of the Roſe] This book was begun in French verſe by William de Lorris, and finiſhed forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Mewen upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet the French author upon the morality of The Romaunt, and afterward tranſlated for the moſt part into Engliſh metre by Geffrey Chaucer, but not finiſhed. It is entituled The Romaunt of the Roſe, or The Art of Love; wherein are ſhewed the helps and furtherances as alſo the lets and impediments that lovers have in their ſuits. In this book the author hath many glances at the hypocriſy of the clergy, whereby he got himſelf ſuch hatred amongſt them that Gerſon Chancellor of Paris writeth thus of him: ſay'th he, There was one called Johannes Meldinenſis who wrote a book called The Romaunt of the Roſe, which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have 500 pound for the ſame I would rather burn it than take the money. He ſaith more, that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he dyed he would vouchſafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas that betrayed Chriſt. *Urry*.

And who ſo ſaith and weneth it be
A jape or els a nicete
To wene that dremis aftir fal,
Let who ſo liſte a fole me cal;
For this trowe I, and ſay for me,
That dremis ſignifiaunce be
Of gude and harme to many wightes
That dremin in ther ſlepe a nightes
Full many thingis covirtly
That fallin aftir opinly.
Within my twenty yere of age,
Whan that Love takith his corage
Of yongè folke, I wentè ſone
To bed, as I was wont to done,
And faſte I ſlepte, and in ſleping
Me mettè ſuche a ſwevining
That likid me wondirous wele,
But in that ſwevin' is ner a dele
That it n'is aftirwarde befal,
Right as this dreme wol tell us al.
Now this dreme wol I rime a right
To make your hertis gay and light,
For Love it prayith, and alſo
Commaundith me, that it be ſo.
And if there any aſkin me
Whether that it be he or ſhe,
And how this bokè whiche is here
Shal hate, which that I rede you here,

It is The Romaunt of the Roſe,
In which all The'Arte of Love I cloſe.
  The matir faire is of to make,
God graunt in gre that ſhe it take
For whom that it begonnin is!
And that is ſhe that hath iwis,
So mokil priſe, and therto ſhe
So worthy is beloved to be
That ſhe wel ought of priſe and right
Be clepid Roſe of every wight.
That it was Mey me thoughtin tho,
It is five yere or more ago,
That it was Mey thus dremid me,
In time of love and jolite,
That al thing ginnith waxin gay,
For there is nethir buſke nor hay
In Mey that it n'ill ſhroudid bene,
And it with newè levis wrene;
Theſe woddis eke recoveren grene
That drie in winter ben to ſene,
And the erth wexith proude withall
For ſote dewis that on it fall,
And the povir eſtate forgette
In whiche that winter had it ſette,
And than becometh the grounde ſo proude
That it wol have a newè ſhroude,
And make ſo queint his robe and fayre,
That it had hewes an hundrid payre

Of graſſe and flouris Inde and Pers,
And many hewis full divers,
That is the robe I mene iwis
Through whiche the ground to praiſin is.
  The birdis that han left ther ſonge
While thei han ſuffrid colde ful ſtronge
In wethers grille and derke to ſight,
Ben in Mey for the ſunnè bright
So glad, that they ſhewe in ſinging
That in ther hert is ſuche liking
That thei mote ſingin and ben light;
Than dothe the nightingale her might
To makin noiſe and ſingen blithe,
Than is bliſsfull many a ſithe,
The chelaundre' and the popingay,
Than yongè folke entendin aye
For to ben gaie and amorous,
The time is than ſo ſavourous.
  Harde is his herte that lovith nought
In Mey, whan al this mirth is wrought,
Whan he may on theſe braunchis here
The ſmalè birdis ſingin clere
Ther bliſfull ſwetè ſong pitous:
And in this ſeſon delitous,
Whan love affirmith allè thing,
Me thought one night, in my ſleping,
Right in my bed ful redily
That it was by the' morowe erly,

And up I roſe and gan me clothe;
Anon I wiſhe mine hondis bothe,
A ſilvir nedil forth I drowe
Out of aguiler queint inowe,
And gan this nedill threde anone,
For out of toune me liſt to gone
The ſoune of briddis for to here
That on the buſkis ſingin clere.
In the ſwete ſeſon that lefe is,
With a threde baſting my ſlevis,
Alone I went in my playing,
The ſmalè foulis ſonge herkening,
That painid 'hem ful many' a paire
To ſing on bowis bloſſomed faire;
Jolife and gaie, full of gladneſſe,
Towarde a river gan me dreſſe,
Which that I herde renne faſtè by,
For fairir playin none ſaugh I
Than playin me by that rivere,
For from an hill that ſtode there nere
Come doune the ſtreme full ſtiffe and bold,
Clere was the watir, and as cold
As any welle is, ſothe to ſaine,
And ſomdele laſſe it was than Saine,
But it was ſtraitir, wele away,
And nevir ſaugh I er that daie
The watir that ſo wele liked me,
And wondir glad was I to ſe

That lufty place and that rivere :
With that watir that ran fo clere
My face I wifhe, tho fawe I wele
The botome ipavid everidele
With gravell, ful of ftonis fhene,
The medowis fofte, fote, and grene,
Beet right upon the watir fide ;
Ful clere was than the morowe tide,
And ful attempre out of drede ;
Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede,
Downwarde evir in my playing
Nigh to the river's fide coafting.
And whan I had a while igone
I fawe a gardin right anone
Full long and brode, and everidele
Enclofid was and wallid wele
With hie walis enbatailid,
Portrayed without, and well entaylid
With many full riche portreitures,
And both the' imagis and peintures
Gan I beholdin befily ;
And I wol tel you redily
Of thilke imagis the femblaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce.
Amiddis fawe I Hate yftonde,
That for her wrathe, and ire, and onde,
Semid to be a minoreffe,
An angry wight, a chidireffe,

And ful of gile and fell corage
By ſemblaunt was that ilke image,
And ſhe was nothing wele araide,
But like a wode woman afraide;
Yfrouncid foule was her viſage,
And grinning for diſpitous rage;
Her noſe yſnortid up for tene,
Ful hidous was ſhe for to ſene;
Ful foule and ruſty was ſhe this;
Her hed iwrithin was iwis
Ful grimly with a grete towaile.
  An image of anothre' entaile
A lifte halfe was her faſt yby;
Her name above her hed ſawe I,
And ſhe was callid Felony.
  Anothre' image, that Villany
Yclepid was, ſawe I and fonde
Upon the wall on her right honde:
This Villany was like ſomdele
That othre' image, and truſtith wele
She ſemid a wickid creture;
By countenaunce in portreiture
She ſemid be ful diſpitous,
And eke ful proude and outragious.
  Wel coude he paint, I undertake,
That ſuch an image coude imake;
Ful foule and chorlich ſemid ſhe,
And eke villeinous for to be,

And litil could of noriture
To worſhippe any creature.
    And nexte was paintid Covetiſe,
That eggith folke in many' a giſe
To take and yeve right nought again,
And grete treſouris up to laine.
    And that is ſhe that for uſure
Lenith to many a creture
The laſſe for the more winning,
So covitous is her brenning!
And that is ſhe for pennis fele
That techith for to robbe and ſtele
Theſe thevis and theſe ſmale harlotes,
And that' is routhe, for by ther throtes
Ful many one hongith at laſt;
She makith folke compaſſe and caſt
To takin othir folkis thing
Through robbery' or miſcoveting;
And that is ſhe that makith trechours,
And ſhe that makith falſe pledours,
That with ther termis and ther domes
Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes,
Ther heritage, alas! forgo:
Ful crokid were her hondis two,
For Covetiſe is evir wode
To gripin othir folkis gode:
    For Covetiſe for her winning
Ful leſe hath othir mennis thing

Another image ſet ſaugh I
Nexte unto Covetiſe faſt by,
And ſhe was clepid Avarice:
Ful foule in painting was that vice,
Ful ſad and caitife was ſhe eke,
And alſo grene as any leke;
So evill hewed was her coloure
Her ſemed to' have livid in langoure;
She was like thing for hungir ded,
That lad her life onely by bred
Knedin with eiſel ſtrong and egre,
And therto ſhe was lene and megre;
And ſhe was clad ful povirly
Al in an oldè torne courtpye
As ſhe were all with doggis torne,
And bothe behinde and eke beforne
Ycloutid was ſhe beggirly.
A mantil honge her faſtè by
Upon a benche both weke and ſmale;
A burnette cote honge there withal,
Yfurrid with no menivere,
But with a furrè rough of here
Of lambe ſkynnys hevy and blake;
It was full olde I undirtake,
For Avarice to clothe her wele
Ne haſtith her nevir adele,
For certainly it were her lothe
To werin of that ilkè clothe,

And if it were forwerid ſhe
Would havin full gret nicete
Of clothing er ſhe bought her newe,
Al were it bad of wol and hewe.
This Avarice helde in her hande
A purſe which that honge by a bande,
And that ſhe hid and bonde ſo ſtronge
Men muſt abidin wondir longe
Out of the purſe er there come ought,
For that ne comith in her thought:
It was not certaine her entent
That fro that purſe a peny went.
And by that image nigh inough
Was paintid Envy, that nere lough,
Nor nevir wel in her hert ferde
But if ſhe either ſawe or herde
Some grete miſchaunce or grete diſeſe:
Nothing ne may ſo much her pleſe
As miſchefe and miſaventure;
Or whan ſhe ſeeth diſcomfiture
Upon any worthy man fall,
Than likith her right well withall:
She is full glad in her corage
Yf ſhe ſe any grete linage
Be brought to naught in ſhamful wiſe;
And if a man in honour riſe
Or by his wit or his proweſſe,
Of that ſhe hath gret hevineſſe,

For truſtith wele ſhe goeth nie wode
Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.
Envy is of ſuche cruelte
That faith ne trouth ne holdith ſhe
To frende ne felowe badde or gode;
Ne ſhe hath kinne none of her blode
That ſhe n'is ful ther enemy;
She n'olde, I dare ſaine hardily,
That her own fathir farid wele:
And ſore abieth ſhe every dele
Her malice and her male talent,
For ſhe is in ſo grete turment
And hate ſuche whan that folke doth gode
That nigh ſhe meltith for pure wode:
Her hert ſo kervith and ſo breketh
That God the peple wel a wreketh.
  Envy I wis ſhall nevir let
Some blame upon the folke to ſet:
I trowe that if Envy i-wis
Yknew the beſtè man that is
On this ſide or beyonde the ſe
Yet ſomwhat lackin him wold ſhe;
And if he were ſo hende and wiſe
That ſhe ne might abate his priſe,
Yet would ſhe blame his worthineſſe,
Or by her wordis make it leſſe.
I ſawe Envy in that painting
Yhad a wondirful loking,

For ſhe ne lokid but awrie
Or ovirthwarte, all baggingly;
And ſhe had a full foule uſage,
She mightin loke in no viſage
Of man ne woman forth right plaine,
But ſhette her one eye for diſdaine;
So for envie ybrennid ſhe
Whan ſhe might any man yſe
That faire or worthy were or wiſe,
Or ellis ſtode in folkis priſe.
  Sorowe was paintid next Envie
Upon that wal of maſonrie;
But wel was ſene in her colour
That ſhe had livid in langour;
Her ſemid to have the jaundice;
Not halfe ſo pale was Avarice,
Ne nothing alike of leneſſe,
For ſorowe, thought, and grete diſtreſſe,
That ſhe had ſuffrid day and night
Made her yelowe, and nothing bright:
Ful ſade, pale, and megre, alſo,
Was nevir wight yet halfe ſo wo
As that her ſemid for to be,
Nor ſo fulfilled with yre as ſhe;
I trow that no wight might her pleſe,
Nor do that thing that might her eſe;
Nor ſhe ne would her ſorowe ſlake,
Nor comfort none unto her take,

So depe ywas her wo begonne,
And eke her hert in angre ronne.
A ſorowful thing wel ſemid ſhe;
Nor ſhe had nothing ſlowe ybe
For to beſcratchin all her face,
And for to rent in many place
Her clothes, and for to tere her ſwire,
As ſhe that was fulfilled of ire;
And all to torne laie eke her here
About her ſhulders here and there,
As ſhe that had it all to rent
For angre and for male talent.
 And eke I tell you certainly
How that ſhe wept full tendirly:
In worlde n'is wight ſo hard of herte,
That had yſene her ſorowes ſmerte,
That n'olde have had of her pite,
So wo begon a thing was ſhe.
She all to daſht her ſelf for wo,
And ſmote togidir her hondes two;
To Sorowe was ſhe full ententiſe,
That wofull rechileſſe caitiſe,
Her roughtè little of playing,
Or of clipping or of kiſſing,
For who ſo ſorowfull is in herte
Him luſtith not to plaie ne ſterte,
Nor for to dauncin ne to ſing,
Ne maie his herte in temper bring

To make joie on even or morowe,
For joie is contrary to forowe.
Elde was ypaintid after this,
That fhortir was a fote i-wis
Than fhe was wont in her yonghede;
Unneth her felf fhe might yfede:
So feble and fo old was fhe
That fadid was all her beaute;
Full falowe was waxen her colour;
Her hedde for hore was white as flour:
Iwis grete qualme ne were it none,
Ne finne, although her life were gone.
All woxin was her body' unwelde,
And drie and dwinid all for elde:
A foule forwelkid thing was fhe,
That whilom round and foft had be:
Her heris fhokin faft withall,
As from her hedde they wouldin fall;
Her face yfrouncid and forpined,
And bothe her hondis lorne fordwined:
So old fhe was that fhe ne went
A fote but it were by potent.
The time that paffith night and daie,
And reftileffe travailith aie,
And ftelith from us privily,
That to us femith fikirly
That it in one poinct dwellith ever,
And certis it ne reftith never,

But goeth ſo faſt and paſſith aie
That there n'is man that thinkin maie
What timè that now preſent is,
Aſkith at theſe grete clerkis this;
For men thinkin it redily
Thre timis ben ypaſſid by
The timè that maie not ſojourne,
But goth and maie nevir retourne,
As watir that doune runnith aie,
But nevir droppe retournè maie.
There maie nothing as time endure,
Ne metall nor yerthly creture,
For allè thing is frette and ſhall,
The time eke that ychaungith all,
And all doeth waxe and foſtrid be,
And allè thing diſtroyith he;
The time that eldith our aunceſtours,
And eldith kinges and emperours,
And that us all ſhall ovircomen,
Er that deth us ſhall have nommen,
The timè that hath all in welde
To elden folke had made her elde
So inly, that to my weting
She mightin helpe her ſelf nothing,
But tourned ayen unto childhede:
She had nothing her ſelf to lede,
Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,
More than a child of two yere old.

But nathèleſſe I trowe that ſhe
Was faire ſomtime and freſhe to ſe
Whan ſhe was in her rightfull age,
But ſhe was paſt all that paſſage,
And was a doted thing becomen:
A furrid cappe on had ſhe nommen;
Well had ſhe cladde her ſelf and warme,
For cold might els doin her harme:
Theſe old folke havin alwaie cold,
Ther kinde is ſoche whan thei ben old.
An othir thing was down there write
That ſemid like an ipocrite,
And it was clepid Papelardie;
That ilke is ſhe that privilie
Ne ſparith ner a wicked dede
Whan men of her takin none hede,
And makith her outward precious
With palè viſage and pitous,
And ſemith a ſimple creture,
But there n'is no miſaventure
That ſhe ne thinketh in her corage:
Full like to her was thilke image
That makid was like her ſemblaunce;
She was full ſimple' of countenaunce;
And ſhe was clothid and eke ſhod
As ſhe were for the love of God
Yholdin to religion,
Soche ſemid her devocion.

A pſaltir helde ſhe faſt in honde,
And buſily ſhe gan to fonde
To make many a faint praiere
To God and to his ſainctis dere:
Ne ſhe was gaie, freſhe, ne jolife,
But ſemed to be full ententiſe
To godè werkis and to faire,
And therto ſhe had on an haire.
Ne certis ſhe was fatte nothing,
But ſemid werie for faſting:
Of colour pale and dede was ſhe;
From her the gates aie warnid be
Of Paradiſe, that bliſfull place,
For ſoche folke makin lene ther grace,
As Chriſt ſaieth in his Evangile,
To get 'hem priſe in toune a while,
And for a little glory veigne
Thei leſin God and eke his reigne.
And aldir laſt of everichone
Was paintid Poverte' all alone,
That not a peny had in hold,
Although that ſhe her clothis ſold,
And though ſhe ſhold an hongid be,
For nakid as a worme was ſhe,
And if the wether ſtormie were
For cold ſhe ſhold have dyid there.
She ne' had on but a ſtraite old ſacke,
And many' a cloute on it there ſtacke;

This was her cote and her mantele;
No more was there nevir a dele
To clothe her with; I undirtake
Grete lesir haddè she to quake:
And she was put that I of talke
Ferre fro these othre', up in an halke;
There lurkid and there courid she,
For povir thing, where so it be,
Is shamefast and dispisid aie:
A cursid maie well be that dàie
That povir man conceivid is,
For God wote all to selde i-wis
Is any pore man well ifed,
Or well arayid or icled,
Or well belovid, in soche wise
In honour that he maie arise.
  Allè these thingis well avised,
As I have you er this devised,
With gold and asure ovir all
Depaintid were upon the wall:
Square was the wall, and high somdele,
Enclosid and ibarrid wele
In stede of hegge was that gardin,
Came nevir no shepherd therein:
Into that gardin well ywrought
Who so that me coud have ybrought
By ladders, or els by degre,
It wouldè well have likid me;

For ſoche ſolace, ſoche joie and pleie,
I trowe that nevir man ne ſeie
As was in that place delicious:
The gardin was not daungerous
To herborowe birdes many one;
So riche a yere was nevir none
Of birdis ſong and braunchis grene,
Therin were birdis mo I wene
Than ben in all the relme of Fraunce;
Full blisfull was the accordaunce
Of the ſwete petous ſong thei made,
For all this worlde it ought to glade.
  And I my ſelf ſo mery ferde,
Whan I ther blisfull ſongis herde,
That for an hundrid pounde would I,
If that the paſſage opinly
Haddin ybe unto me fre,
That I n'olde entrin for to ſe
Th' aſſemble (God kepe it fro care!)
Of birdis whiche that therein ware,
That ſongin through ther mery throtes
Dauncis of love and mery notes.
  Whan I thus herd the foulis ſing
I fell faſt in a waimenting
By whiche art or by what engin
I might come into that gardin;
But waie I couthe ne findin none
Into that gardin for to gone,

Ne nought wiſt I if that there were
Eithir a hole or a place where
By whiche I mightin have entre;
Ne there was none to techin me,
For I was all alone i-wis,
For wo and for anguiſhe of this,
Till at the laſte bethought I me
That by no waie ne might it be,
There n'as ladder ne waie to pace,
Or hole, into ſo faire a place;
Tho gan I go a full grete pace
Environ, evin in compas,
The cloſing of the ſquarè wall,
Till that I founde a wicket ſmall
So ſhette that I ne might in gone,
And othir entre was there none.
 Upon this dore I gan to ſmite
That was ſo fetis and ſo lite,
For othir waie coud I not ſeke.
Full long I ſhoſe and knockid eke,
And ſtode full long all herkining
If I herd any wight coming,
Till that the dore of thilke entre
A maidin curteis opened me:
Her here was as yelowe of hewe
As any baſin ſcourid newe;
Her fleſhe tendir as is a chike,
With bent browis both ſmothe and ſlike;

And thereto by meſure large were
The opening of her eyin clere;
Her noſe of gode proporcion;
Her eyen graie as is a faucon;
With ſwetè breth and wel favoured;
Her facè white and well coloured;
With little mouthe and round to ſe;
A clovin chinnè eke had ſhe;
Her necke was of gode faſhion,
In length and gretneſſe by reſon,
Withoutin bleine, or ſcabbe, or roine;
Fro Hieruſalem' to Burgoine
There n'is a fairer necke i-wis
To fele how ſmothe and ſoft it is;
Her throte alſo ſo white of hewe
As ſnowe on braunche yſnowid newe;
Of body full well wrought was ſhe,
Men nedin not in no countre
A fairer bodie for to ſeke;
And of fine orfrais had ſhe eke
A chapilet, ſo ſemely on
Ne nevir werid maide upon;
And faire above that chapilet
A roſe garlande had ſhe yſet;
She had alſo a gaie mirrour;
And with a richè golde treſour
Her hedde was treſſid full queintly;
Her ſlevis ſowid ſetouſly;

And for to kepe her hondis faire
Of glovis white ſhe had a paire;
And ſhe had on a cote of grene
Of cloth of Gaunt withoutin wene:
Well ſemid by her aparaile
She was not wont to grete travaile,
For whan ſhe kempt was feteouſly,
And well araied and richily,
Than had ſhe doen all her journe,
For mery' and well begon was ſhe.
She had a luſtie life in Maie;
She had no thought by night ne daie
Of nothing but it were onely
To graieth her well and uncouthly.
Whan that this dore had opened me
This maidin ſemely for to ſe,
I thonkid her as I beſt might,
And aſkid her how that ſhe hight,
And what ſhe was I aſkid eke?
And ſhe to me was nought unmeke,
Ne of her anſwere daungerous,
But faire anſwerde, and ſayid thus:
Lo, Sir, my name is Idilneſſe,
So clepin men me more and leſſe:
Full mightie and full riche am I,
And that of one thing, namily,
For I entending to no thing
But to my joie and my playing,

And for to kembe and tresse me:
Acquaintid am I and prive
With Mirthe, the lorde of this gardin,
That fro the' londe of Alexandrin
Made the treis hithir be fet
That in this gardin ben iset;
And whan the trees were woxe an hight
This wall, that stant here in thy sight,
Did Mirthe enclosin all about;
And these imagis all without
He did 'hem bothe entaile and paint
That neither ben jolife ne quaint,
But thei ben full of sorowe and wo,
As thou hast sene a while ago.

And oft timis him to solace
Sir Mirthe comith into this place,
And eke with him come his meine,
That liven' in lust and jolite;
And now is Mirthe therein, to here
The birdis how they singin clere,
The mavis and the nightingale,
And othir joly birdis smale;
And thus he walkith to solace
Him and his folke, for swettir place
To playin in he maie not finde
Although he sought one in till Inde;

The althir fairift folke to fe
That in this worlde maie founde ybe
Hath Sir Mirthe with him in his rout,
That folowen him alwaies about.
  Whan Idilneffe had tolde all this,
And I had harkened well i-ƺwis,
Than faied I to Dame Idilneffe,
Now all fo wifely God me bleffe,
Sith Mirthe, that is fo faire and fre,
Is in this yerd with his meine,
Fro thilke affemble if I maie
Shall no man wernè me to daie,
That I this night ne mote it fe,
For well wene I there with him be
A faire and joly companie
Fulfillid of all curtifie.
And forth withoutin wordis mo
In at the wickit went I tho
That Idilneffe had opened me
Into that gardin faire to fe:
And whan that I was in i-wis
Mine hertè was full glad of this,
For well wende I full fikirly
Have ben in Paradife yerthly,
So faire it was, that truftith well
It femed a place efpirituell;
For certis as at my devife
There is no place in Paradife

So gode in for to dwell or be
As in that gardin thoughtin me;
For there was many' a birde ſinging,
Thoroughout the yerde all thringing,
In many placis nightingales,
And alpes, and finches, and wodewales,
That in ther ſwetè ſong deliten
In thilke placis as thei habiten.
 There mightin men ſe many flockes
Of turtels and of laverockes,
Chalaundris fele yſawe I there,
That very nigh forſongin were,
And thruſtils, terins, and maviſe,
That ſongin for to winne 'hem priſe,
And eke to ſurmount in ther ſong
That othir birdis 'hem emong;
By note ymadin faire ſerviſe
Theſe birdis that I you deviſe;
Thei ſong ther ſong as faire and wele
As angels doen eſpirituell;
And truſtith me whan I 'hem herde
Full luſtie and full well I ferde,
For nevir yet ſoche melodie
Was herd of man that mightin die,
Soche ſwete ſong as was 'hem emong,
That me thought it no bird'is ſong,
But it was wondir like to be
Song of meremaidins of the ſe,

That for her ſinging is ſo clere;
Though we Meremaidins clepe 'hem here
In Engliſhe, as is our uſaunce,
Men clepin 'hem Sereins in Fraunce.

Ententiſe werin for to ſing,
Theſe birdis, that not unkonning
Were of ther craft and a prentiſe,
But of ſong ſubtill and eke wiſe;
And certis whan I herd ther ſong,
And ſawe the grenè place emong,
In herte I wext ſo wondir gaie
That I was nevir er that daie
So joliſe nor ſo well bigo,
Ne mery' in herte, as I was tho;
And than wiſt I and ſawe full well
That Idilneſſe me ſervid well,
That me put in ſoche jolite:
Her frende well ought I for to be
Sithe ſhe the dore of that gardin
Had opinid and let me in.
From hennis-forthe how that I wrought
I ſhall you tellin as me thought.
Firſt whereof Mirthe yſervid there,
And eke what folke there with him were,
Without fable I woll diſcrive,
And alle that gardin eke as blive;

I woll you tellin aftir this
The faire faſſion all i-wis
That well ywrought was for the nones;
I maie not tell you all at ones,
But as I maie and can I ſhall
By order tellin you it all.
  Full faire ſervice, and eke full ſwete,
Theſe birdis madin as thei ſete;
Layis of love full well ſouning
Thei ſongin in ther jargoning;
Some hie and ſome eke lowe yſong
Upon the braunchis grene iſprong;
The ſweteneſſe of ther melodie
Made all mine herte in revelrie.
  And whan that I had herd I trowe
Theſe birdis ſinging on a rowe
Than might I not withholdin me
That I ne went in for to ſe
Sir Mirthe, for all my deſiring
Was him to ſene ovir all thing;
His countenaunce and his manere
That ſight was unto me full dere.

Tho went I forthe on my right honde,
Doune by a little pathe I fonde
Of mintis full and fenell grene;
As faſtè by withoutin wene

Sir Mirthe I founde, and right anon
Unto Sir Mirthe gan I to gon,
There as he was him to ſolace;
And with him in that luſtie place
So faire folke and ſo freſhe had he
That whan I ſawe I wondrid me
Fro whennis ſoche folke mightin come,
So faire thei werin all and ſome,
For thei weren like, as to my ſight,
To angels that ben fethered bright.
  Theſe folke, of whiche I tell you ſo,
Upon a karole wentin tho:
A ladie karoled 'hem that hight
Gladneſſe, the blisfull and the light:
Well could ſhe ſing and luſtily,
None halfe ſo well and ſemily,
And cothe make in ſong ſoche refraining
It ſate her wondir well to ſing:
Her voice full clere was and full ſwete;
She was not rude ne yet unmete,
But couthe inough for ſoche doing
As longith unto karolling,
For ſhe was wonte in every place
To ſingin firſt folke to ſolace,
For ſinging moſte ſhe gave her to;
No crafte had ſhe ſo leſe to doe.

Tho mightiſt thou karollis ſene,
And folkè daunce and merie ben,

And made many a faire tourning
Upon the grenè grasse springing:
There mightist thou se these flutours,
Minstrallis and eke jogèlours,
That well to singin did ther paine:
Some songin songis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contre.
There was many a timbestere,
And sailours, that I dare well swere
Ycothe ther craft full parfitly;
The timbris up full subtilly
Thei castin, and hent them full oft
Upon a singir faire and soft,
That thei ne failid nevir mo.
Full fetis damosellis two,
Right yong, and full of semelyhede,
In kirtils and none othir wede:
And faire ytressid every tresse
Had Mirthe ydoen for his noblesse
Amidde the carole for to daunce.
But hereof lieth no remembraunce
How that thei daunsid queintily,
That one would come all privily
Ayen that othre', and whan thei were
Togithre' almoste thei threwe ifere
Ther mouthis so, that through ther plaie
It semid as thei kist alwaie:

To dauncin well couthe thei the giſe;
What ſhould I more to you deviſe?
Ne bode I nevir thennis go
Whiles that I ſawe 'hem dauncin ſo.
Upon the karoll wondir faſt
I gan beholde, till at the laſt
A ladie gan me for to' eſpie,
And ſhe was clepid Curteſie,
The worſhipfull, the debonaire;
I praie to God er fall her faire!
Full curtiſly ſhe callid me,
What do you there, Beau Sire? (quod ſhe)
Comith, and if it likith you
To dauncin, daunſith with us now.
And I withoutin tarying
Ywent into the caroling:
I was abaſhid ner a dele,
But it to me likid right wele
That Curteſie me clepid ſo,
And bade me on the daunce ygo,
For if I haddè durſt certain
I would have karollid right fain,
As man that was to daunce right blithe:
Than gan I lokin óftè ſithe
The ſhape, the bodies, and the cheres,
The countenaunce, and the maneres,
Of all the folke that dauncid there,
And I ſhall tellin what thei were.

Full faire was Mirthe, full longe and high,
A fairer man I nèvir ſigh:
As rounde as aple was his face,
Full roddie' and white in every place;
Fetis he was and well beſeie,
With metely mouthe, and eyin greie;
His noſe by meſure wrought full right;
Criſpe was his here, and eke full bright;
His ſhulderis of largè brede,
And ſmaliſhe in the girdelſtede;
He ſemid like a purtreiture,
So noble' he was of his ſtature,
So faire, ſo jolie', and ſo fetiſe,
With limmis wrought at poinct deviſe,
Deliver, ſmerte, and of grete might,
Ne ſawe thou nevir man ſo light;
Of berde unneth had he nothing,
For it was in the firſtè ſpring;
Full yong he was, and merie' of thought,
And in ſamette with birdis wrought;
And with golde bete full fetouſly
His bodie was clad full richely;
Wrought was his robe in ſtraungè giſe,
And all to ſlittered for queintiſe
In many a place, lowe and hie;
And ſhode he was with grete maiſtrie
With ſhone decopid, and with lace,
By drurie and eke by ſolace;

His leſe a roſin chapilet
Had made, and on his hedde it ſet.
  And wetin ye who was his leſe?
Dame Gladdeſſe there was him ſo leſe,
That ſingeth ſo well with glad corage,
That from ſhe was twelve yere of age
She of her love graunt to him made:
Sir Mirthe her by the fingir hade
A daunſing, and ſhe him alſo;
Grete love there was a twix 'hem two;
Bothe were thei faire and bright of hewe;
She ſemid like a roſè newe
Of colours, and her fleſhe ſo tender,
That with a brerè ſmale and tender
Men might it cleve, I dare well ſain;
Her forhedde frounciles all plain;
Bent werin her eye-browis two;
Her eyin graie, and glad alſo,
That laughdin aie in her ſemblaunt
Firſt or the mouthe by covenaunt;
I n'ot what of her noſe diſcrive,
So faire hath no woman alive;
Her here was yelowe', and clere ſhining;
I wot no lady ſo liking.
  Of orfraies freſhe was her garlande;
I, whiche that ſene have a thouſande,
Sawe ner i-wis no garlande yet
So well ywrought of ſilke as it;

And in an ovir gilt ſamite
Ycladde ſhe was by grete delite,
Of whiche her leſe a robe ywerde;
The merier ſhe in herte ferde.
  Next her went, on her othir ſide,
The god of Love, that can devide
Love, and as him likith it be;
But he can cherlis dauntin, he,
And many folkis pridè fallen,
And he can well theſe lordis thrallen,
And ladies put at lowe degre,
When he maie 'hem to proudè yſe.
  This god of Love of his faſcion
Was like no knave ne no quiſtron;
His beutie gretely was to priſe,
But of his robis to deviſe
I drede encombrid for to be,
For not icladde in ſilke was he,
But all in flouris and flourettes,
Ipaintid all with amerettes,
And with loſingis and ſcochons,
With birdis, liberdes, and lions,
And othir beſtis wrought full wele;
His garment was evèry dele
Ipurtraied and iwrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures;
Flouris there were of many giſe
Iſet by compace in a ſiſe;

There lackid no floure to my dome,
Ne not so moche as floure of brome,
Ne violet ne eke pervinke,
Ne floure none that men can on thinke;
And many a rose lefe full long
Was entermedlid there emong;
And also on his hedde was set
Of roses redde a chapilet.
  But nightingales a full grete rout,
That flien ovir his hedde about,
The levis feldin as thei flien,
And he was all with birdis wrien,
With popingaie, with nightingale,
With chalaundre and with wodewale,
With finche, with larke, and with archangel;
He semid as he were an angell
That doune were come fro hevin clere.
  Love had with him a bachilere
That he made alwaies with him be,
And Swete Loking clepid was he.
This bachilere stode beholding
The daunce, and in his honde holding
Turke bowes two, well devised, had he;
That one of 'hem was of a tre
That berith fruict of savour wicke;
Full crokid was that foulè sticke,
And knottie here and there also,
And blacke as berie or any slo.

That othir bowe was of a plant
Withoutin wemmè I dare warant
Full even' and by proporcion
Trectis and long, and of gode facion,
And it was paintid well and thwitten,
And ore all diaprid and written
With ladies and with bachileres
Full lightſome and full glad of cheres.
Theſe bowis two held Swete Loking,
That ne ſemid like no gadling,
And ten brode arowes helde he there,
Of whiche five in his hondè were,
But thei were ſhavin well and dight,
Nockid and fetherid a right,
And all thei were with golde begon,
And ſtrong ypoinctid everichon,
And ſharpe for to ykervin wele,
But iron was there none ne ſtele,
For all was golde, men might it ſe,
Out take the fethers and the tre.

The ſwiftiſt of theſe arowes five
Out of a bowè for to drive,
And the beſt fethered for to flie,
And fairiſt eke, was cleped Beutie.
That othir arowe, that hurteth leſſe,
Was clepid (as I trowe) Simpleſſe.

The thirde yclepid was Fraunchise,
That fethered was in noble wise
With valour and with curtisie.
The fowerth was clepid Companie,
That hevie for to shotin is,
But who so shotith right i-wis
Maie therwith doen grete harme and wo.
The fift of these, and laste also,
Faire Semblaunt men that arowe call;
'Tis the leste grevous of 'hem all,
Yet can it make a full grete wounde,
But he maie hope his soris sounde
That hurte is with that arowe' i-wis;
His wo the bette bestowid is
For he maie soner have gladnesse;
His langour ought to be the lesse.

Five arowes were of othir gise
That ben full foule for to devise,
For shaft and ende, sothe for to tell,
Were all so blacke as fende in hell.
The first of 'hem is callid Pride;
That othre' arowe next him beside
It was yclepid Vilanie;
That arrowe was with felonie
Envenimed, and with spitous blame:
The third of 'hem was clepid Shame;

The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is;
The fift the Newè Thought iwis.
  Theſe arowes that I ſpeke of here
Werin all five on one manere,
And all were thei reſemblable;
To them was well fitting and able
The foulè crokid bowe hidous
That knottie was and all roinous:
That bowe yſemid well to ſhete
The arowes five that ben unmete
And contrary to that othir five;
But though I tellin not as blive
Of ther powir ne of ther might,
Hereaftir ſhall I tellin right
The ſothe and eke ſignifiaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce
All ſhall be ſaied I undirtake
Er of this boke an ende I make.
  Now come I to my tale againe;
But aldirfirſt I woll you ſaine
The faſhion and the countenaunces
Of all the folke that on the daunce is.
The god of Love, joliſe and light,
Ladde on his honde a ladie bright,
Of high priſe and of grete degre,
This ladie callid was Beutie;
And an arowe of whiche I tolde
Full well ythewid was ſhe holde;

Ne ſhe was derke ne broune, but bright
And clere as is the monè light,
Again whom all the ſterris ſemen
But ſmall candelis as we demen;
Her fleſhe was tendre' as dewe of floure;
Her chere was ſimple' as birde in boure,
As white as lilie' or roſe in riſe;
Her face was gentill and tretiſe;
Fetis ſhe was, and ſmale to ſe;
No wintrid browis haddè ſhe,
Ne popped here, for it nedid nought
To windir her or to paint ought;
Her treſſes yelowe, and long ſtraughten,
Unto her heles doune thei raughten;
Her noſe, her mouthe, and eye, and cheke,
Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke;
A full grete ſavour and a ſote
Me thoughtin in mine hertè rote,
As helpe me God, whan I remember
Of the faſſion of every member:
In worlde is none ſo faire a wight,
For yong ſhe was, and hewid bright
Sore pleſaunt, and fetis with all,
And gent and in her middle ſmall.
Beſidè Beute yede Richeſſe,
And hight ladie of grete nobleſſe,
And grete of price in every place;
But who ſo durſt to her treſpace,

Or till her folke, in werke or dede,
He were ful hardie out of drede,
For bothe ſhe helpe and hindir maie;
And that is not of yeſterdaie
That riche folke havin full grete might
To helpe and eke to greye a wight.
  The beſt and gretiſt of valour
Diddin Richeſſe full grete honour,
And buſie werin her to ſerve,
For that thei would her love deſerve;
Thei cleped her Ladie grete and ſmall;
This widè worlde her dredith all,
This worlde is all in her daungere;
Her courte hath many' a loſingere,
And many' a traitour envious,
That ben full buſie' and curious
For to diſpreiſin and to blame
That beſt deſervin love and name;
To forne the folke 'hem to begilen
Theſe loſengeours 'hem priſe and ſmilen.
  And thus the worlde with worde anointen,
But aftirward thei prill and poincten
The folke right to the barè bone
Behinde ther backe whan thei ben gone,
And foule abatin folkis priſe:
Full many' a worthie man and wiſe
Han hindrid and idoen to die
Theſe loſingeours with ther flatt'erie,

And makith folke full ſtraungè be
There as 'hem ought to ben prive:
Well evill motè thei thrive,
And evill arived mote thei be,
Theſe loſingeours full of envie;
No gode man loveth ther companie.
  Richeſſe a robe of purple'on had,
Ne trowe not that I lie or mad,
For in this world is none it liche,
Ne by a thouſande dele ſo riche,
Ne none ſo faire, for it full wele
With orfreis laied was every dele,
And purtraied in the ribaninges
Of dukis ſtories and of kinges,
And with a bend of golde taſſiled,
And knoppis fine of golde amiled;
About her necke of gentle' entaile
Was ſhet the richè chevefaile,
In whiche there was full grete plente
Of ſtonis clere and faire to ſe.
  Richeſſe a girdle had upon,
The bokill of it was of ſton
Of vertue grete and mokil might,
For who ſo bare the ſtone ſo bright
Of venim durſt him nothing doubt
While he the ſtone had him about;
That ſtone was gretely for to love,
And till a riche mann'is behove

Worth all the golde in Rome and Friſe;
The mourdaunt, wrought in noble giſe,
Was of a ſtone full precious,
That was ſo fine and vertuous
That whole a man it couth ymake
Of palſie and of the tothe ake,
And yet the ſtone had ſoche a grace
That he was ſikre' in every place
All thilkè daie not blinde to ben
That faſting might that ſtonè ſenè;
The barris were of gold full fine,
Upon a tiſſue of ſatin;
Full hevie, grete, and nothing light,
In everiche was a beſaunt wight.
  Upon the treſſis of Richeſſe
Was ſet a circle of nobleſſe
Of brende golde, that full light yſhone,
So faire trowe I was nevir none:
But he were konning for the nones
That could deviſin all the ſtones
That in that circle ſhewin clere;
It is a wondir thing to here,
For no man could or preiſe or geſſe
Of 'hem the value or richeſſe:
Rubies there were, ſaphirs, ragounces,
And emeraudes, more than two unces,
But all before full ſubtilly
A fine carboncle ſet ſawe I,

The ſtone ſo clere was and ſo bright,
That all ſo ſone as it was night
Men mightin ſene to go for nede
A mile or two in length and brede;
Soche light yſprang out of the ſtone
That Richeſſe wondir bright yſhone
Bothe on her hedde and all her face,
And eke about her all the place.
Dame Richeſſe on her honde gan lede
A yong man ful of ſemelyhede
That ſhe beſt loved of any thing;
His luſt was moche in houſholding;
In clothing was he full fetiſe,
And loved well to have hors of priſe;
He wende to have reprovid be
Of theft or murder if that he
Had in his ſtable an hackenaie,
And therfore he deſirid aie
To ben aqueintid with Richeſſe,
For all his purpoſe, as I geſſe,
Was for to makin grete diſpence
Withoutin warning or defence,
And Richeſſe might it well ſuſtain,
And her diſpences wele maintain,
And him alwaie ſoche plentie ſende
Of golde and ſilvir for to ſpende
Withoutin lacking or daungere
As it were pourde in a garnere.

And aftir on the daunceè went
Largeſſe, that ſet all her entent
For to ben honourable' and fre:
Of Alexander's kinne was ſhe;
Her moſtè joie it was i-wis
Whan that ſhe yafe, and ſaied, Have this:
Not Avarice, the foule caitife,
Was halfe to gripe ſo ententiſe
As Largeſſe is to yeve and ſpende,
And God alwaie inowe her ſende!
So that the more ſhe yave awaie
The more i-wis ſhe had alwaie.
Grete loos hath Largeſſe, and grete priſe,
For bothe the wiſe folke and unwiſe
Were wholy to her bandon brought,
So well with yeſtis hath ſhe wrought.
And if ſhe had an enemie
I trowe that ſhe couth craftily
Make him full ſone her frende to be,
So large of yeftes and wiſe was ſhe;
Therfore ſhe ſtode in love and grace
Of riche and pore in every place.
A full grete fole is he i-wis
That riche, and pore, and nigard is.
A lorde maie have no manir vice
That grevith more than avarice;
For nigarde ner with ſtrength of hande
Maie winne him grete lordſhipe or lande,

For frendis all to fewe hath he
To doen his will performid be;
And whoſo woll have frendis here
He maie not holde his treſour dere;
For by enſample tell I this,
Right as an adamant i-wis
Can drawin to him ſubtilly
The iron that is laied therby,
So drawith folkis hertes i-wis
Silvir and golde that yevin is.
  Largeſſe had on a robè freſhe
Of richè purpure ſarliniſhe:
Well formid was her face and clere,
And opened had ſhe her colere,
For ſhe right there had in preſent
Unto a lady made preſent
Of a gold broche ful wel ywrought,
And certis it miſſate her nought,
For through her ſmocke ywrought with ſilke
The fleſhe was ſene as white as milke.
Largeſſe, that worthy was and wiſe,
Helde by the honde a knight of priſe
Was ſibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,
And that was he that bare the'enſeigne
Of worſhip and the gonfannoun;
And yet he is of ſuche renoun
That menne of him ſay fairè thinges
Before barons, and erles, and kinges.

This knight was comin al newly
Fro tourneying there faſtè by,
Where he had done grete chivalry
Through his vertue and his maiſtrie,
And for the love of his lemman
He caſte doune many' a doughty man.
And next him dauncid Dame Franchiſe,
Arayid in ful noble giſe:
She n'as not broune ne dunne of hewe,
But white as ſnowe iſallin newe;
Her noſe was wrought at point deviſe,
For it was gentill and tretiſe;
With eyin glad, and browis bent;
Her here doune to her helis went;
And ſhe was ſimple' as dove on tre;
Ful debonaire of hert was ſhe.
She durſtè neither ſay ne do
But that that hir belongith to;
And if a manne were in diſtreſſe,
And for her love in hevineſſe,
Her hert would have ful grete pite,
She was ſo amiable and ſre;
For were a manne for her beſtadde
She wouldè ben right ſore a dradde
That ſhe did ovir gret outrage;
But ſhe him holpe his harme t'aſwage
Her thought it all a vilanie:
And ſhe had on a ſuckiny

That not of hempè herdis was,
So faire was non in all Arras;
Lorde! it was riddeled fetiſly;
There ne was not a point truely
That it n'as in his right aſſiſe:
Ful wel iclothid was Fraunchiſe,
For there n'is no clothe ſitteth bette
On damoſell than doth rokette;
A woman wel more fetiſe is
In rokette than in cote i-wis;
The white rokette riddilid faire
Betokenith that full debonaire
And ſwete was ſhe that it ybere.
By her dauncid a bachelere,
I can not tell you what he hight,
But faire he was and of gode hight,
Al had he ben, I ſaie no more,
The lord'is ſonne of Windèſore.
And next that dauncid Curtiſy,
That preiſed was of lowe and hie,
For nethir proude ne fole was ſhe;
She for to daunce callid me;
I praie God give to her gode grace!
For whan I come firſt to the place
She n'as not nice ne outrageous,
But wiſe and ware, and vertuous,
Of faire ſpeche, and of faire anſwere;
Was nevir wight miſſaide of here;

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She bare no rancour to no wight;
Clere broune ſhe was, and therto bright
Of face, and body avenaunt;
I wotte no lady ſo pleſaunt:
She werin worthy for to bene
An empèreſſe or crounid quene.
And by her went a knight dauncing
That worthy was and wel ſpeking,
And ful wel coude he don honour:
The knight was faire and ſtiffe in ſtour,
And in armure a ſemely man,
And wel beloved of his lemman.
Faire Idilneſſe than nexte ſaugh I,
That alway was me faſtè by:
Of her have I withoutin faile
Tolde you the ſhape and appareile,
For, (as I ſaid) lo! that was ſhe
That did to me ſo grete bounte;
She me the gate of that gardin
Undid, and let me paſſin in,
And aftir dauncid, as I geſſe.
And ſhe fulfilled of luſtineſſè
That n'as not yet xii yere of age,
With hertè wilde and thought volage:
Nice ſhe ywas, but ſhe ne mente
None harme ne ſleight in her entente,
But onely luſte and jolite,
(For yongè folke, wel wetin ye,

Have litill thought but on ther play:)
Her lemman was beside alway
In suche a gise that he her kiste
At allè timis that him liste,
That al the dauncè might it se;
They make no force of privite,
For who spake of 'hem ill or wele
Thei were ashamid nere a dele,
But men might sene 'hem kissè there
As though it two yonge dovis were;
For yonge was thilkè bachilere,
Of beute wot I non his pere,
And he was right of suche an age
As youthe his lefe, and suche corage.
The lusty folke that dauncid there,
And also' othir that with 'hem were,
That werin all of ther meine,
Ful hendè folke, bothe wise and fre,
And folkè of faire porte truely,
There werin allè cominly.
Whan I had sene the countenaunces
Of them that laddin thus these daunces,
Than had I will to go and se
The gardin that so likid me,
And lokin on these faire laureres,
On pine trees, cedres, oliveres.
The dauncis than endid ywere,
For many' of 'hem that dauncid there

Were with ther lovis went away,
Undir the trees to have ther play.

A Lorde thei livid lustily!
A grete fole were he sikirly
That n'olde his thankes suche life to lede,
For this dare I saine out of drede,
That who so might so well yfare
For bettir life durst him not care,
For there n'is so gode paradise
As to have a love at his devise.
Out of that place went I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Playing along full merily.
  The god of Love full hastily
Unto him Swete Loking yclept;
No lengir would he that she kept
His bowe of gold that shone so bright:
He haddin him bent anon right,
And he full sonè set an ende,
And at a braide he gan it bende,
And toke him of his arowes five
Ful sharpe and redy for to drive.
  Now God that sitteth in majeste
Fro dedly woundis he kepe me
If so be that he had me shete,
For if I with his arowe mete
It had me grevid sore i-wis;
But I, that nothing wist of this,

Went up and doune ful many' a waie,
And he me folowed faſt alwaie;
But no where would I reſtè me
Til' I had in all the gardin be.

The gardin was by meſuring
Right even' and ſquare in compaſſing;
It as longe was as it was large;
Of fruite had every tre his charge
But it were any hidous tre,
Of whiche there werin two or thre.
There were (and that wote I full wele)
Of pomgranetts a full grete dele,
That is a frute ful wel to like,
Namely to folke whan thei ben ſike;
And trees there werin grete foiſon
That berin nuttes in ther ſeſon,
Suche as menne Nutemiggis ycall,
That ſote of ſavour ben withall,
And of almandris grete plente,
Figgis, and many a date tre,
There werin, if that menne had nede,
Through the gardin in length and brede.
There was eke wexing many' a ſpice,
As clowe, gilofre, and licorice,
Gingiber, and grein de Paris,
Canell, and ſetewale of pris,
And many' a ſpice delitable
To etin whan men riſe fro table.

And many homely trees there were
That peches, coſnes, and apples, bere,
Medlers, plommis, peris, cheſteinis,
Cheriſe, of whiche many one faine is,
Notis, and aleis, and bolas,
That for to ſene it was ſolas,
With many high laurer and pine,
Was rengid clene all that gardine
With cipris, and with oliveris,
Of whiche that nigh no plenty here is.
Ther werin elmis grete and ſtrong,
Maplis, aſhe, oke, aſpe, planis long,
Fine ewe, popler, and lindis faire,
And othir trees full many' a paire.
What ſhould I tell you more of it?
There werin ſo many trees yet
That I ſhould al encombrid be
Er I had rekenid every tre.
Theſe trees were ſet, that I deviſe,
One from an othir in aſſiſe
Five fadome or ſixe, I trowe ſo;
But they were hie and gret alſo,
And for to kepe out wel the ſunne
The croppis were ſo thicke ironne,
And every braunche in othir knitte,
And ful of grenè levis ſitte,
That ſunnè might there none diſcende
Leſt that the tendir graſſis ſhende.

There might men does and roes iſe,
And of ſquirels ful grete plente
From bow to bow alwaie leping;
Connis there were alſo playing,
That comin out of ther clapers,
Of ſondry colours and maners,
And madin many' a tourneying
Upon the freſhè graſſe ſpringing.
  In placis ſawe I wellis there
In whichè there no froggis were,
And faire in ſhadowe was eche wel;
But I ne can the nombre tel
Of ſtremis ſmal that by deviſe
Mirth had done come thorough condiſe,
Of whiche the watir in renning
Gan makin a noiſe ful liking.
  About the brinkis of theſe wellis,
And by the ſtremes ovir al ellis,
Sprange up the graſſe, as thicke iſet
And ſoft eke as any velvet,
On which men might his lemman ley,
As on a fethirbed to pley,
For the erth was ful ſofte and ſwete;
Thorough moiſture of the wel wete
Sprong up the ſotè grenè gras
As faire, as thicke, as miſter was;
But moche amendid it the place
That the erth was of ſuche a grace

That it of flouris hath plente
That both in ſomre' and wintir be.
There ſprange the violet al newe,
And freſhe pervinkè riche of hewe,
And flouris yelowe, white, and rede;
Suche plente grewe there ner in mede:
Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint,
And poudrid as men had it peint,
With many'a freſhe and ſondry floure,
That caſtin up ful gode ſavour.
I wol not longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardin dilectable;
I mote my tongè ſtintin nede,
For I ne mäie withoutin drede
Naught tellin you the beutie all,
Ne halfe the bounte, there withall.
I went on right honde and on lefte
About the place; it was not lefte
Till I had al the gardin bene
In the eſtris that men might ſene.
And thus while I went in my playe
The god of Love me folowed aye,
Right as an hunter can abide
The beſte till he ſeith his tide
To ſhote at godeneſſe to the dere,
Whan that him nedith go no nere.
And ſo befil I reſtid me
Beſides a wel undir a tre,

Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine,
But ſithe the time of King Pepine
Ne grewe there tre in mann'is ſight
So faire, ne ſo wel woxe in hight;
In al that yarde ſo high was none;
And ſpringing in a marble ſtone
Had Nature ſet, the ſothe to tell,
Under that pinè tre a well,
And on the bórdir al without
Was writtin in the ſtone about
Letteris ſmal, that ſaidin thus,
Here whilome ſtarfe faire Narciſſus.
   Narciſſus was a bachilere
That Love had caught in his daungere,
And in his nette gan him ſo ſtraine,
And did him ſo to wepe and plaine,
That nede him muſt his life forgo
For a faire lady hight Echo
Him loved ovir any creture,
And gan for him ſuche paine endure,
That on a timè ſhe him tolde
That if he her ne lovin wolde
That her behovid nedis die;
There laie none othir remedie.
   But nathèleſſe for his beaute
So feirs and daungerous was he
That he n'olde grauntin her aſking
For weping ne for faire praying.

And whan ſhe herde him werne her ſo
She had in hert ſo gretè wo,
And toke it in ſo grete diſpite,
That ſhe withoutin more reſpite
Was ded anon; but ere ſhe diede
Ful pitouſly to God ſhe preide
That the proude hertid Narciſſus,
That was in love ſo daungerous,
Might on a day ben hampered ſo
For love, and ben ſo hote for wo,
That ner he might to joie attaine,
Than ſhould he fele in every vaine
What ſorowe trewe loveris maken
That ben vilainouſly forſaken.

This prayir was but reſonable,
Therfore God helde it ferme and ſtable,
For Narciſſus, ſhortly to tell,
By aventure came to that well
To reſt him in the ſhadowing
O day whan he came from hunting.
This Narciſſus had ſuffrid paines
For renning al daie in the plaines,
And was for thurſt in grete diſtreſſe
Of herte, and of his werineſſe,
That had his breth almoſt benomen.
Whan he was to that wel icomen,

That ſhadowed was with braunchis grene,
He thought of thilkè watir ſhene
To drinke, and freſhe him wele withall,
And doune on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and hed out ſtraught,
To drinkin of that well a draught;
And in the watre' anon was ſene
His noſe, his mouthe, his eyin, ſhene,
And he therof was all abaſhed,
His owne ſhadowe had him betraſhed,
For wel wende he the forme to ſe
Of a childe of full grete beaute:
Full well couth Love him wrekè tho
Of daungir and of pride alſo
That Narciſſus ſomtime him bere;
He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he muſid ſo in the well
That ſhortily, the ſothe to tell,
He lovid his owne ſhadowe ſo
That at the laſt he ſtarfe for wo;
For whan he ſawe that he his will
Might in no manir way fulfill,
And that he was ſo faſtè caught
That he him couthè comfort naught,
He loſt his witte right in that place,
And deide within a litill ſpace;
And thus his wariſon he toke
For the lady that he forſoke.

Ladies, I praie enſample taketh,
Ye that ayenſt your love miſtaketh;
If of ther deth you be to wite
God can ful wel your wilè quite.
When this letter, of whiche I tell,
Had taught me that it was the well
Of Narciſſus in his beaute,
I gan anon withdrawè me
Whan it fel in my remembraunce
That him betide ſuche a miſchaunce;
But at the laſte than thoughtin I
That ſcathèleſſe full ſikirly
I might unto the wellè go,
Wherof ſhull I abaſhin ſo?
Unto the welle than went I me,
And doune I loutid for to ſe
The clerè watir in the ſtone,
And eke the gravel, whiche that ſhone
Doune in the' botome as ſilvir fine,
For of the welle this is the fine,
In world is none ſo clere of hewe,
The watre' is evir freſh and newe,
That welmith up with wavis bright
The mountenaunce of two fingir hight,
About it is the graſſe ſpringing
For moiſte ſo thicke and well liking
That it ne may in wintir die
No more than may the ſee be drie.

Doune at the botome ſet ſawe I
Two criſtall ſtonis craftily
In thilkè freſhe and fairè well;
But o thinge ſothly dare I tell
That ye wol holde a grete mervaile
Whan it is tolde withoutin faile,
For whan the ſunnè clere in ſight
Caſt in that welle his bemis bright,
And that the hete diſcendid is,
Than taketh the criſtall ſtone i-wis
Againe the ſunne an hundrid hewis,
Blewe, yelow, red, that freſh and new is,
Yet hath the mervailous criſtall
Suche ſtrength that the place ovir all,
Both foule and tre, and levis grene,
And all the yerde, in it is ſene:
And for to don you to' undirſtonde
To make enſample wol I fonde;
Right as a mirrour opinly
Shewith al thing that ſtondeth thereby,
As well the colour as figure,
Withoutin any covirture
Right ſo the criſtall ſtone ſhining,
Withoutin any diſceving,
The entrees of the yerde accuſeth
To him that in the watir muſeth,
For evir in whiche halfe ye be
Ye may wel halfe the gardine ſe,

And if ye turne ye may right wele
Sene the remènaunt every dele,
For there is none ſo litil thing
So hid ne cloſin with ſhitting
That it n'is ſene, as though it were
Ypaintid in the criſtall there.
This is the mirrour perillus
In whiche the proude Narciſſus
Sey al his fairè face ſo bright
That made him ſith to lie upright,
For who ſo loke in that mirrour
There may nothing ben his ſocour
That he ne ſhal there ſe ſomthing
That ſhal him lede into laughing:
Ful many'a worthy man hath it
Yblent, for folke of gretiſt wit
Ben ſone ycaught here and ywaited;
Withoutin reſpite ben thei baited:
Here comith to folke of newe rage,
Here chaungith many wight corage,
Here lithe no rede ne witte therto,
For Venus ſonne, Dan Cupido,
Hath ſowin there of love the ſede,
That helpe ne lithe there none ne rede,
So cerclith it the welle about;
His ginnis hath he ſet without,
Right for to catche in his panters
Theſe damoſels and bachilers;

Love wil none othir birdis catche
Though he set eithir nette or latchè;
And for the sede that here was sowen
This welle is cleped, as well is knowen,
The Welle of Love of very right,
Of whiche there hath ful many wight
Spokin in bokis diversely;
But thei shul ner so verily
Discripcion of the welle here,
Ne eke the sothe of this matere,
As ye shul whan I have undo
The crafte that here belongith to.

Alway me likid for to dwell
To sene the christall in the well,
That shewid me ful opinly
A thousande thingis fastè by;
But I may saie in sory houre
Stode I to lokin or to poure,
For sithin I sore have ysiked
That mirrour hath me now entriked;
But had I first knowen in my wit
The vertue and strengthis of it
I n'oldè not have musid there;
Me had bettir ben ellis-where,
For in the snare I fell anone
That had bitreshid many one.
In thilkè mirrour sawe I tho,
Among a thousande thingis mo,

A roſir chargid ful of roſis,
That with an hedge aboute encloſed is;
Tho had I ſuche luſt and envie,
That for Paris ne for Pavie
N'olde I have left to gone and ſe
There gretiſt hepe of roſis be.
Whan I was with this rage yhente,
That caught hath many' a man and ſhente,
Towarde the roſir gan I go,
And whan I was not ferre there fro
The ſavour of the roſis ſote
Me ſmote right to the hertè rote,
As I had all enbaumid me;
And if I n'ad endoutid me
To have ben hatid or aſſailed
My thankis wol I not have failed
To pull a Roſe of al that route
To berin in mine honde aboute,
And ſmellin to it where I went;
But er I dredde me to repent,
And leſte it grevid or forthought
The lorde that thilkè gardin wrought.
Of roſis there werin grete wone,
So faire werin nevir in Rone;
Of knoppis cloſe ſome ſawe I there,
And ſome wel bettir woxin were,
And ſome there ben of othir moiſon,
That drowè nigh to ther ſeſon,

And ſpedde 'hem faſtè for to ſpredde:
I lovè wel ſuche roſis redde,
For brode roſis and open' alſo
Ben paſſid in a daie or two,
But knoppis wollin freſhè be
Two daies at leſt or ellis thre:
The knoppis gretely likid me,
For fairir maie there no man ſe;
Who ſo might havin one of all
It ought him ben ful leſe withall:
Might I garlonde of 'hem getten
For no richeſſe I wolde it letten.
Amonges the knoppis I cheſe one
So faire, that of the remenaunt none
Ne preiſe I halfe ſo wel as it
Whan I aviſin in my wit;
It ſo well was enluminid
With colour red, as well finid
As Nature couth it makin faire,
And it hath levis wel foure paire,
That Kind hath ſet through his knowing;
Aboute the redde roſis ſpringing
The ſtalke ywas as riſhè right,
And theron ſtode the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no ſide;
The ſotè ſmell yſprong ſo wide
That it died al the place aboute:
Whan I had ſmelled the ſavour ſote

No will had I fro thence yet go,
But ſomdele nere it went I tho
To take it, but mine honde for drede
Ne durſt I to the Roſè bede
For thiſteles ſharpe of many maners,
Netlis, thornis, and hokid briers,
For muche they diſtourblid me,
For ſore I dradde to harmid be.

The god of Love, with bowe ybent,
That al daie ſet had his talent
To purſue and to ſpyin me,
Was ſtondin by a figgè tre,
And whan he ſawè how that I
Had choſin ſo ententiſely
The bothum more unto my pay
Than any othir that I ſay,
He toke an arowe ſharpely whette,
And in his bowe when it was ſette
He ſtreight up to his ere ydrough
The ſtrongè bowe that was ſo tough,
And ſhotte at me ſo wondir ſmerte
That through mine eye unto mine herte
The takil ſmote, and depe it wente,
And therwith al ſuch colde me hente
That undir clothis warme and ſoſte
Sin that day I have chivered oſte.
Whan I was hurte thus in ſtounde
I fell doune plat unto the grounde,

Mine herte failid and faintid aie,
And longè time in ſwoune I laie;
But whan I came out of ſwouning,
And hadde my witte and my feling,
I was all mate, and wende full wele
Of blode t'have lorne a full grete dele,
But certes the' arowe that in me ſtode
Of me ne drewe no droppe of blode;
For why? I founde my woundes all drie.
 Than toke I with mine hondis tweie
The' arowe, and full faſt it out plight,
And in the pulling ſore I ſight;
So at the laſt the ſhaft of tre
I drough out with the fethirs thre,
But yet the hokid hedde i-wis,
The whiche Beaute ycallid is,
Gan ſo depe in mine hertè pace
That I it ne might not arace,
But in mine hertè ſtill it ſtode,
All bledde I not a droppe of blode:
I was bothe anguiſhous and trouble
For the perill that I ſawe double;
I ne wiſt what to ſaie or doe,
Ne get a leche my woundis to,
For neither thorough graſſe ne rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote,
But to the bothum evir mo
Mine herte drewe, for all my wo

My thought was in none othir thing,
For had it ben in my keping
It would have brought my life again,
For certis evenly, I dare ſain,
The ſight onely and the ſavour
Aleggid moche of my langour.
  Than gan I for to drawè me
Toward the bothum ſaire to ſe,
And Love had gette him in this throwe
An othir arowe into' his bowe,
And for to ſhotin gan him dreſſé;
The arowes name was Simpleneſſe:
And whan that Love gan nigh me nere
He drowe it up withoutin were,
And ſhote at me with all his might,
So that this arowe anone right
Throughout mine eigh, as it was founde,
Into mine herte hath made a wounde:
Than I anone did all my craft
For to ydrawin out the ſhaft,
And therewithall I ſighid eft;
But in mine hert the hedde was left,
Whiche aie encreſid my deſire;
Unto the bothum drowe I nere,
And evirmo that me was wo
The more deſire had I to go
Unto the roſir, where that grewe
The freſhe bothum ſo bright of hewe:

Bettir me were to' have lettin be,
But it behovid nedis me
To doen right as mine hertè badde,
For er the body muſt be ladde
Aftir the herte in wele and wo,
Of force togithir thei muſt go;
But nevir this archir would fine
To ſhote at me with all his pine,
And for to make me to him mete.
  The thirde arowe he gan to ſhete,
Whan beſt his time he might eſpie,
The whiche was namid Curtiſie,
Into mine herte he did avale:
A ſwoune I fell bothe dedde and pale;
Long time I laie, and ſtirid nought
Till I abraied out of my thought,
And faſte than I aviſid me
To drawin out the ſhaft of tre;
But aye the hedde was lefte behinde
For ought I couthè pull or winde;
So ſore it ſticked whan I was hit
That by no crafte I might it flit,
But anguiſhous and full of thought
I felt ſoche wo my wounde aie wrought,
That ſomoned me alwaie to go
Toward the Roſe that pleſed me ſo;
But I ne durſt in no manere,
Bicauſe the archir was ſo nere.

For evirmore gladly', as I rede,
Brent child of fire hath mochil drede:
And certis yet for all my pein
Though that I ſigh, yet arowes rein,
And ground quarelis, ſharpe of ſtele,
Ne for no pain that I might fele,
Yet might I not my ſelf with hold
The fairè roſir to behold,
For Love me yave ſoche hardiment
For to fulfill his commaundement;
Upon my fete I roſe up than
Feble as a forwounded man,
And forthe to gon my might I ſet,
And for the archir n'olde I let:
Toward the roſir faſt I drowe,
But thornis ſharpe mo than inow
There were, and alſo thiſtèles thicke,
And breris brimmè for to pricke,
That I ne might ygettin grace
Through the rough thornis for to pace
To ſene the roſis freſhe of hewe;
I muſt abide though it me rewe:
The hedge about ſo thicke was,
That cloſed the roſis in compas.
But o thing likid me right wele,
I was ſo nigh that I might fele
Of the bothum the ſote odour,
And alſo ſe the freſhe coloure,

And that right gretely likid me
That I ſo nere mightin it ſe;
Soche joie anon thereof had I
That I forgate my malady;
To ſene it I had ſoche delite
Of woe and angre' I was all quite,
And of my woundes that I had thore,
For nothing likin me might more
Than dwellin by the roſir aie,
And thens nevir to paſſe awaie:
But whan a while I had be thare
The god of Love, whiche all to ſhare
Mine herte with his arowis kene,
Caſteth him to yeve me woundis grene;
He ſhote at me ful haſtily
An arowe namid Companie,
The whichè takil is full able
To make theſe ladies merciable;
Than I anon gan chaungin hewe
For grevaunce of my woundè newe,
That I again fell in ſwouning,
And ſighid ſore in complaining.
  Sore I complainid that my ſore
On me gan grevin more and more;
I had none hope of allegiaunce,
So nigh I drowe to diſperaunce;
I ne rought of deth ne of liſe,
Whethir that Love ywould me driſe;

If me a martir would he make
I might his powir not forſake:
And while for angir thus I woke
The god of Love an arowe toke;
Full ſharpe it was and full poinaunt,
And it was callid Faire Semblaunt,
The whiche in no wiſe would conſent
That any lovir him repent
To ſerve his love with herte and all
For any perill that maie fall:
But though this arowe was kene grounde
As any raſour that is founde
To cutte and kervin at the poinct,
The god of Love it had anoint
With a full precious ointment,
Some dele to yeve alegèment
Upon the woundis that he hade
Thorough the eye in my herte made,
To helpe ther ſoris and to cure,
And that thei maie the bette indure;
But yet this arowe without more
Made in mine herte a largè ſore,
That in full grete pain I abode,
But aie the ointment went abrode;
Throughout my woundis large and wide
It ſprede about in every ſide,
Thorough whoſe vertue and whoſe might
Mine hertè joiſull was and light;

I had ben dedde and all to ſhent
But for the precious ointment.
The ſhaft I drowe out of the arowe,
Roking for wo right wondir narowe,
But the hedde, whiche that made me ſmerte,
I left behindè in mine herte
With othir fower, I dare well ſaie,
That nevir woll be toke awaie;
But the ointment halpè me wele,
And yet ſoche ſorowe did I fele
That allè daie I chaungid hewe
Of my woundis ſo freſhe and newe,
As men might ſe in my viſage:
The arowes were ſo full of rage,
So variaunt of diverſite,
That men in evèriche might ſe
Both grete anoie and eke ſweteneſſe,
And joie ymeint with bittirneſſe:
Now were thei eſy and now wode;
In them I felt bothe harme and gode;
Now ſore without alleggèment,
Now ſoftining with the ointment:
It ſoftenid here and prickid there;
Thus eſe and angir were yfere.

The god of Love delivirly
Came lepande to me haſtily,
And ſayid to me in grete jape,
Yelde the, for thou maie not eſcape,

Maie no defence availe the here,
Therefore I rede make no daungere:
If thou wolt yelde the haſtily
Thou ſhalt the rathir have mercie:
He is a fole in ſikerneſſe
That with daungir or with ſtoutneſſe
Rebellith there that he ſhould pleſe;
In ſoche folie is little eſe:
Be meke where thou muſt nedis bowe;
To ſtrive ayen is not thy prowe:
Come at onis, and have idoe,
For I wollè that it be ſo;
Than yelde the here debonairly.
And I anſwerid full humbly,
All gladly, Sir, at your bidding
I woll me yelde in allè thing;
To your ſervice I woll me take,
For God defende that I ſhould make
Ayen your bidding reſiſtence;
I woll not doen ſo grete offence,
For if I did it were no ſkill;
Ye maie doe with me what ye will,
Or ſave or ſpill, and alſo ſlo;
Fro you in no wiſe may I go;
My life, my deth, is in your honde,
I maie not laſte out of your bonde;
Plaine at your liſte I yeldè me,
Hoping in hert that ſomtime ye

Comforte and eſe ſhul to me ſende,
Or els ſhortly, this is the ende,
Withoutin helth I mote aie dure
But if ye take me to your cure:
Comforte or helth how ſhould I have,
Sithe ye me hurte, but ye me ſave?
The helth of Love mote be yfounde
Where as thei tokin firſt ther wounde;
And if ye liſte of me to make
Your priſoner, I woll it take
Of herte and will fully at gre:
Wholy and plaine I yeldè me,
Withoutin feining or feintiſe,
To be governed by your empriſe:
Of you I here ſo mochil priſe
I wol ben whole at your deviſe,
For to fulfill all your liking,
And to repentin for nothing,
Hoping to have yet in ſome tide
Mercy of that that I abide:
And with that covenaunt yelde I me,
Anon doune kneling on my kne,
Profiring for to kiſſe his fete,
But for nothing he would me lete:
And ſaid, I love the both and preiſe,
Sens that thine anſwere doth me eſe,
For thou anſwered ſo curtiſly;
For nowe I wote well uttirly

That thou art gentil by thy ſpeche,
For though a man ferre woulde ſeche,
He ſhould not findin in certaine
No ſuche anſwere of no vilaine,
For ſuche a worde ne mightè nought
Iſſue out of a vilaines thought:
Thou ſhalt not leſin of thy ſpeche,
For thy helping wollin I eche
And eke encreſin that I maie,
But firſt I woll that thou obaie
Fully for thine own avauntage
Anone to do me here homage,
And ſithin kiſſe thou ſhalt my mouthe,
Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe
For to' aproche it ne for to touche,
For ſauſe of cherlis I ne vouche
That thei ſhal nevir neigh it nere;
For curteis and of faire manere,
Wel taught and ful of gentilneſſe,
He muſt yben that ſhall me kiſſe,
And alſo of ful highe fraunchiſe
That ſhal atteine to that empriſe.
  And firſt of o thing warne I the,
That paine and gret adverſite
He mote endure, and eke travaile,
That ſhal me ſerve withoutin faile;
But there againſt the to comforte,
And with thy ſervice to diſporte,

Thou maist ful glad and joyfull be
So gode a maister to' have as me,
And lordè of so high renoun;
I bere of Love the gonfenoun,
And of Curtisie the banere,
For I am of selfe the manere,
Gentill and curteis, meke and fre,
That who evir ententife be
Me to honour, re-doute, and serve,
And also that he him observe
Fro trespace and fro vilianie,
And him governe in curtisie,
With will and with entencion;
For when he first in my prison
Is caught, than must he uttirly
Fro thennis-forth ful besily
Ycast him gentill for to be
Yf he desire helpe of me.

Anone withoutin more delaie,
Withoutin daungir or affraie,
I become his vassal anone,
And gave him thankes many a one,
And knelid doune with hondis joint,
And made it in my porte full queint:
The joye went to my hert'is rote
Whan I had kissed his mouthe so sote;
I had suche mirth and such liking
It curid me of languishing.

He aſked of me than hoſtages:
I have takin fele homages
Of one and othir where I' have bene,
Diſtreinid ofte withoutin wene:
Theſe felons ful of falſite
Have many ſithes begilid me,
And through falſhed ther luſt achived,
Wherof I repent and am greved:
And I 'hem gette in my daungere
Ther falſheed ſhul thei bie ful dere;
But for I love the' I ſaie the plaine
I woll of the be more certaine,
For the ſore I woll now ybinde
That thou away ne ſhalt not winde
For to denien thy covenaunt
Or done that is not avenaunt:
That thou were falſe it were grete ruth,
Sithe thou ſemiſt ſo fùl of truth.
  Sir, if the liſte to underſtaunde
I merveile the' aſking this demaunde;
For why or wherefore ſhouldè ye
Hoſtage or borowes aſke of me,
Or any othir ſikirneſſe,
Sithin ye wote in ſothfaſtneſſe
That ye me have ſurpriſid ſo,
And whole mine herte takin me fro,
That it woll doe for me nothing
But if it be at your bidding?

Mine hert is yours, and mine right nought,
As it behoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in all to worche your will,
Whethir so tourne to gode or ill;
So sore it lustith you to plese
No man therof maie you disese;
Ye have theron set soche justice
That it' is werried in many wise;
And if ye doubt it n'olde obaie
Ye maie therof doe make a kaie
And hold it with you for hostage.
Now, certis, this is none outrage,
(Quod Love) and fully I accorde,
For of the body' he is full lorde
That hath the herte in his tresore;
Outrage it were to askin more.

Than of his aumener he drough
A little keie fetise inough,
Whiche was of gold polishid clere,
And saied to me, With this keie here
Thine herte to me now woll I shet,
For all thy joifull loke and knet
I binde undir this little keie,
That no wight maie cary awaie.
This keie is full of grete postè,
With whiche anone he touchid me

Undir the ſide full ſoftily,
That he mine hertè ſodainly
Without any doute hath ſo ſpered
That yet right nought it hath me dered.
  Whan he had doin his will all out,
And I had put him out of dout,
Sir, I ſaied, I have right grete will
Your luſt and pleſure to fulfill,
Loke ye my ſervice take at gre
By thilkè faith ye owe to me;
I ſaie nought for recreaundiſe,
For I nought doubt of your ſervice.
  But the ſervaunt travaileth in vain
That for to ſervin doeth his pain
Unto that lorde whiche in no wiſe
Conne him no thanke for his ſervice.

Love ſayid tho, Diſmaie the nought;
Sithe thou for ſuccour haſt me ſought
In thanke thy ſervice woll I take,
And high of degre woll the make,
If Wickidneſſe ne hindir the,
But (as I hope) it ſhall nought be:
To worſhip no wight by aventure
Maie come but that he pain endure.
  Abide and ſuffre thy diſtreſſe
That hurtith now; it ſhall be leſſe:

I wote my ſelf what maie the ſave,
What medicine thou wouldiſt have.
  And if thy truth to me thou kepe
I ſhall unto thine helping eke,
To cure thy woundes and make 'hem clene,
Where ſo that thei be old or grene:
Thou ſhalt be holpen', at wordis few,
For certainly thou ſhalt well ſhewe
Where that thou ſerviſt with gode will,
For to accompliſhe and fulfill
My commaundementis daie and night,
Whiche I to lovirs yeve of right.

Ah Sir! for Godd'is love (ſaied I)
Er ye paſſe hens ententifely
Your commaundementes to me ye ſaie,
And I ſhall kepe 'hem if I maie,
For them to kepen' is all my thought;
And if ſo be I wote 'hem nought
Than maie I erre unwittingly;
Wherfore I praie you entirely
With all mine herte me for to lere,
That I treſpace in no manere.
  The god of Love than chargid me
Anon, as ye ſhall here and ſe
Wordè by worde, by right empriſe,
So as The Romaunt ſhall deviſe.

The maiſtir leſith time to lere
Whan the diſciplè woll not here;
It is but vain on him to ſwinke
That on his lerning woll not thinke:
Who ſo luſt love let him intende,
For now The Romance ginneth to' amende.
Now is gode to herin in faie,
If any be that can it ſaie,
And poinct it as the reſon is
Yſet, for othir gate i-wis
It ſhall nat well in allè thing
Be brought to gode underſtanding;
For a reder that poinctith ill
A gode ſentence maie oftin ſpill.
The boke is gode at the ending,
Ymade of newe and luſtie thing,
For who ſo woll the ending here
The craft of Love he ſhall now lere,
If that he woll ſo long abide
Till I this Romance maie unhide,
And undoe the ſignifiaunce
Of this dremè into Romaunce:
The ſothfaſtneſſe that now is hid
Without coverture ſhall be kid
Whan I undoen have this dreming,
Wherein no wordè is of leſing.

Villanie at the beginning
I woll, ſaied Love, ovir all thing
Thou leve, if that thou wolt ybe
Falſe, and treſpace ayeniſt me:
I curſe and blame generally,
All them that lovin villanie,
For villanie makith villaine,
And by his dedes a chorle is ſeine.
These villains arne without pite,
Frendſhip and love, and all bounte:
I n'ill receive to my ſervice
Them that ben vilains of empriſe.
But undirſtonde in thine entent
That this is not mine entendement
To clepin no wight in no age
Onely gentill for his linage,
But who ſo that is vertuous,
And in his port not outrageous;
Whan ſoche one thou ſeeſt the beforne,
Though he be not gentill yborne,
Thou mayiſt well ſeine this in ſoth
That he' is gentill, bicauſe he doth
As longith to a gentil man;
Of them none othir deme I can,
For certainly withoutin drede
A chorle is demid by his dede
Of hie or lowe, as ye maie ſe,
Or of what kinrid that he be;

Ne ſaie nought for non evill will
Thing which that is to holdin ſtill:
It is no worſhip to miſſeie,
Thou maieſt enſample take of Keie,
That was ſomtime for miſſaying
Yhatid bothe of old and yong:
As ferre as Gawein the worthie
Was praiſid for his curtiſie
Kaie was hatid, for he was fell,
Of worde diſpitous and cruell;
Wherefore be wiſe and aqueintable,
Godelie of worde, and reſonable,
Bothè to leſſe and eke to mare:
And whan thou comiſt there men are
Loke that thou have in cuſtome aie
Firſt to ſalue 'hem if thou maie;
And if it fall that of 'hem ſomme
Salue the firſt, be thou not domme,
But quite him curtiſly anon,
Without abiding, er thei gon.
  For nothing eke thy tong applie
To ſpekin wordes of ribaudrie:
To vilaine ſpeche in no degre
Late not thy lippe unboundin be,
For I nought holde him in gode faith
Curteis that foulè wordis faith.
And allè women ſerve and preiſe,
And to thy power ther honour reiſe;

And if that any miſſayere
Diſpiſe women that thou maiſt here,
Blame him, and bidde him holde him ſtill;
And ſette thy might and al thy will
Women and ladies for to pleſe,
And to do thing that may 'hem eſe,
That thei evir ſpeke gode of the,
For ſo thou maiſt beſt praiſid be.
  Loke that fro pride thou kepe the wele,
For thou maiſt both perceive and fele
That pride is both foly and ſinne;
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his hertè in no wiſe
Mekin, ne ſouplin to ſervice,
For pride is founde in every parte
Contrarie unto Lov'is arte;
And he that lovith truily
Should him conteinè jolily
Withoutin pride in ſondry wiſe,
And him diſguiſin in queintice;
For queinte aray, withoutin drede,
Is nothing proude, who takith hede,
For freſhe aray, as men may ſe,
Withoutin pride may oftin be.
  Maintaine thy ſelfe aftir thy rent
Of robè and eke of garment,
For many a ſithe faire clothing
A man amendith in muche thinge.

And loke alway that thei be ſhape
(What garment that thou ſhalt the make)
Of him that can the beſt ydo,
With al that parteinith therto,
Pointis and ſleves be wel ſittande
Ful right and ſtreight upon the hande:
Of ſhone and botis newe and faire
Loke at the leſt thou have a paire,
And that thei ſitte ſo fetouſly
That theſe rude men may uttirly
Mervaile, ſith that thei ſitte ſo plaine,
How thei come on or of againe:
Were ſtreightè glovis, with aumere
Of ſilke: and alway with gode chere
Thou yeve, if that thou have richeſſe,
And if thou have nought ſpende the leſſe:
Alway be mery if thou maie,
But waſtè not thy gode alwaie:
Have hatte of flouris freſhe as May,
Chapelet of roſis of' Whitſondaie,
For ſoche araie coſtnith but lite:
Thine hondis waſhe, thy tethe make white,
And let no filthe upon the be:
Thy nailis blacke if thou maieſt ſe
Voide it awaie delivirly;
And kembe thine hedde right jolily:
Farce not thy viſage in no wiſe,
For that of Love is nat th' empriſe,

For Love doeth hatin, as I finde,
A beautie that cometh nat of kindè:
Alwaie in herte I redè the
Full glad and mery for to be,
And be as joifull as thou can;
Love hath no joie of ſorowfull man,
That ill is full of curtiſie,
That knowith in his maladie
For evir of love the ſickeneſſe
Is meint with ſwete and bittirneſſe.
The ſore of love is mervailous,
For now the lovir is joious,
Now can he plain, now can he grone,
Now can he ſinge, now makin mone;
To daie he plaineth for hevineſſe,
To morue' he plaineth for jolineſſe.
The life of love is full contrarie,
Whiche ſtoundè mele can oftin varie;
But if thou caniſt mirthis make
That men in gre woll gladly take
Doe it godely, I commaunde the;
For men ſhould, where ſo er thei be,
Doe thing that 'hem beſitting is,
For therof cometh gode loos and pris;
Wherof that thou be vertuous
Ne be nat ſtraunge ne daungerous;
For if that thou gode ridir be
Pricke gladly that men maie the ſe:

In armis alſo if thou conne
Purſue till thou a name haſt wonne:
And if thy voice be faire and clere
Thou ſhalt makin no grete daungere;
Whan the to ſing thei godely praie
It is thy worſhip for to' obaie:
Alſo to you it longith aie
To harpe and giterne, daunce and plaie;
For if he can well fote and daunce
It maie him gretely doe avaunce,
Emong eke for thy ladie ſake
Songis and complaintes that thou make,
For that woll mevin in her herte
Whan that thei redin of thy ſmerte:
Loke that no man for ſcarce the holde,
For that maie greve the manifolde;
Reſon woll that a lovir be
In his yeftis more large and fre
Than chorles that ben not of loving;
For who therof can any thing
He ſhall be leſe aie for to yeve,
In londis lore who ſo would leve,
For he that through a ſodain ſight,
Or for a kiſſing anon right,
Yave whole his herte in will and thought,
And to himſelf kepith right nought,
Aftir this ſwift gift 'tis but reaſon
He give his gode too in a bandon.

Now woll I ſhortly here reherce
Of that I have yſaied in verce
Allè the ſentence by and by
In wordis fewe compendiouſly,
That thou the bet maieſt ón 'hem thinke
Wher ſo it be thou wake or winke,
For the wordis do little greve
A man to kepe whan thei be breve.
Who ſo with Love woll gon or ride
He mote be curteis, voide of pride,
Merie, and full of jolite,
And of largeſſe a loſid be.
Firſt I joigne the here in penaunce
That evir without repentaunce
Thou ſet thy thought in thy loving
To laſt withoutin repenting,
And think upon thy mirthis ſwete
That ſhall folue' aftir whan ye mete.
And for thou true to Love ſhalt be
I will and eke commaundè the
That in one place thou ſet all whole
Thine herte, withoutin halfin dole,
For trecherie and ſikirneſſe,
For I loved nevir doubleneſſe.
To many' his herte that woll depart
Everiche ſhall have but little part,
But of him drede I me right nought
That in one place ſettith his thought;

Therefore in o place thou it ſet,
And let it nevir thennis flet,
For if thou yeveſt it in lening
I holde it but a wretchid thing,
Therfore yevith it whole and quite,
And thou ſhalt have the more merite;
If it be lent than aftir ſoen
The bountè and the thanke is doen;
But in love a fre yevin thing
Requirith a grete guerdoning.
   Yeve it in yeſt all quite fully,
And make thy gift debonairly,
For men that yeſt holdin more dere
That yevin is with gladſome chere.
   That giftè nought to praiſin is
That a man gevith mal gre his.
Whan thou haſt yeven thine hert (as I
Have ſaid the here all opinly)
Than aventuris ſhull the fall
Whiche hard and hevy ben with all;
For ofte whan thou bethinkeſt the
Of thy loving, where ſo thou be,
Fro folke thou muſt depart in hie,
That none perceive thy maladie,
But hide thine harme thou muſt alone
And go forth ſole and make thy mone.
Thou ſhalt no while be in o ſtate,
But whilom colde and whilom hate,

Now red as rose, now yelowe' and fade:
Such sorow I trow thou ner had;
Cotidien ne the quarteine
It is not half so full of peine;
For oftin timis it shal fal
In love, among thy painis al,
That thou thy selfin all wholly
Foryettin shalt so uttirly
That many timis thou shalt be
Still as an image made of tre,
Domme as a stone, without stering
Of fote or honde, without speking.
  And than sone aftir al thy paine
To memo'rie shalt thou come againe,
A man abashid wondir sore,
And aftir sighin more and more;
For wit thou wele withoutin wene
In suche astate ful ofte have bene
That have the' evill of love assaide,
Where thorough thou art so dismaide.

Aftir a thought shal take the so
That thy love is to ferre the fro,
Thou shalt sa (God) what may this be
That I ne may my lady se?
Mine hert alone is to her go,
And I abide al sole in wo,

Departid fro mine ownè thought,
And with mine eyin se right nought.
Alas! mine eien sene I ne may
My carefull hertè to convay;
Mine hert'is guidè but thei be
I praise nothing what er thei se;
Shul thei abidin than? why, nay,
But gone and se without delay
That whiche mine hert desirith so,
For certainly but if thei go
A fole my selfe I may well holde
Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde,
Wherfore I wol gone her to sene,
Or esid shall I nevir bene
But that I have some tokining.
Than gost thou forth without dwelling;
But ofte thou failest of thy desire
Er thou maist come her any nere,
And wastist in vaine thy passage;
Than falist thou in a newe rage;
For want of sight thou ginnist murne,
And homwarde pensife dost returne.
In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,
For than againe shal come to the
Sighis and plaintis, with newe wo,
That no itching prickith the so;
Who wote it nought he maie go lere
Of them that buyin love so dere.

No thing thine hert appeſin maie,
That oft thou wolt gone and aſſaie
If thou maiſt ſene by aventure
Thy liv'is joye, thine hert'is cure;
So that by grace if that thou might
Attaine of her to have a ſight,
Than ſhalt thou done non othir dede
But with that ſight thine eyin fede.
That fairè freſhe whan thou maiſt ſe
Thine hert ſhal ſo raviſhid be
That ner thou woldeſt thy thankis lete,
Ne remove for to ſe that ſwete:
The more thou ſeeſt, in ſothfaſtneſſe,
The more thou coviteſt that ſweteneſſe;
The more thine herte brennith in fire
The more thine herte is in deſire,
For who conſidrith every dele
It may be likened wondir wele
The paine of love unto a fere,
For evirmore thou neighiſt nere
In thought, or how ſo that it be,
(For very ſothe I tel it the)
The hotter evir ſhal thou brenne,
As experience ſhall the kenne;
Where ſo comiſt in any coſte
Who is next fire he brennith moſte:
And yet forſothe for al thine hete,
Though thou for lovè ſwelte and ſwete,

Ne for no thing thou felin may,
Thou ſhalt not wille to paſſe away;
And though thou go, yet muſt the nede
Thinkin al day on her faire hede
Whom thou behelde with ſo gode will,
And holde thy ſelfe begilid ill
That thou ne haddeſt none hardiment
To ſhewe her aught of thine entent;
Thine hert ful ſore thou wolt diſpiſe,
And eke repreve of cowardiſe,
That thou ſo dull in every thing
Were domme for drede without ſpeking.
  Thou ſhalt eke thinke thou diddeſt foly
That thou were her ſo faſtè bie
And durſt not venture the to ſay
Some thing er that thou came away,
For thou haddiſt no morè wonne
To ſpeke of her whan thou begonne;
But yet if ſhe would for thy ſake
In armis godely the have take,
It ſhould have be more worthe to the
Than of treſour a grete plente.
  Thus ſhalt thou morne and eke complaine,
And get encheſon to' gon againe
Unto thy walke or to thy place
Where thou behelde her fleſhly face;
And n'ere for falſe ſuſpection
Thou woldiſt finde occaſion

For to gone in unto her houſe;
Thou arnè than ſo deſirous
A ſight of her but for to have,
If thou thine honour mightiſt ſave,
Or any erande mightiſt make
Thidir for thy lov'is ſake,
Ful faine thou woldiſt, but for drede
Thou goeſt not, leſt that men take hede;
Wherfore I rede in thy going,
And alſo' in thine again comming,
Thou be wel ware that men ne wit;
Feinè the othir cauſe than it
To go that waie, or faſtè bie;
To helin wel is no folie;
And if ſo be it happè the
That thou thy love there maiſtie yſe,
In ſikir wiſe thou her ſalewe,
Wherwith thy coloure woll tranſmewe,
And eke thy bloud ſhal al to quake,
Thy hewe eke chaungin for her ſake,
But worde and wit, with chere ful pale,
Shul want for to tellin thy tale;
And if thou maiſt ſo ferforth winne
That thou to reſon durſt beginne,
And woldiſt ſaine thre thinges or mo,
Thou ſhalt ful ſcarſly ſaine the two;
Though thou bethinke the ner ſo wele
Thou ſhalt foryetin yet ſomdele.

But if thou dele with trechery,
For falſe lovirs mowe all fully
Sain what 'hem luſt withoutin dred,
Thei be ſo double' in ther falſhed,
For thei in hert can thinke o thing
And ſaine an othre' in ther ſpeking:
And whan thy ſpeche is endid all
Right thus to the it ſhal befall;
If any worde than come to minde
That thou to ſay haſt left behinde,
Than thou ſhalt brenne in grete martire,
For thou ſhalt brenne as any fire:
This is the ſtrife and eke the' affraie,
And the batill, that laſtith aie:
This bargaine ende may nevir take
But if that ſhe thy pece wil make.
  And whan the night is come anon
A thouſande angres ſhal come on:
To bed as faſt thou wolte the dight,
Where thou ſhalt have but ſmal delight,
For whan thou weniſt for to ſlepe
So ful of painè ſhalt thou crepe,
Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,
And turne ful ofte on every ſide,
Now dounward grouſe, and now upright,
And walow in wo the long night:

Thine armis ſhalt thou ſprede a brede
As man in warre were forwerede;
Than ſhal the come a remembraunce
Of her ſhape and of her ſemblaunce,
Wherto none othir may be pere:
And wete thou wel withoutin were
That the ſhal ſe ſomtime that night
That thou haſt her that is ſo bright
Nakid bitwene thine armis there,
Al ſothfaſtneſſe as though it were:
Thou ſhalt make caſtels than in Spaine,
And dreme of joy al but in vaine,
And the delitin of right nought
While thou ſo ſlombriſt in that thought
That is ſo ſwete and delitable,
The whiche in ſothe n'is but a fable,
For it ne ſhall no whilè laſt:
Than ſhalt thou ſighe and wepè faſt,
And ſay, Dere God! what thing is this?
My dreme is turnid al amis
Whiche was ful ſwete and apparent,
But now I wake it is al ſhent;
Now yede this mery thought away;
Twenty timis upon a day
I would this thought would come againe,
For it alegith wel my paine;
It maketh me ful of joyfull thought;
It ſleeth me that it laſtith nought:

Ah Lorde! whi n'il ye me ſocoure?
The joye I trowe that I langoure,
The deth I would me ſhouldè ſlo
While I lie in her armis two:
Mine harme is harde withoutin wene,
My gret uneſe ful ofte I mene.

But wouldè Love do ſo I might
Have fully joye of her ſo bright
My paine were quitte me richily.
Alas! to gret a thing aſke I;
It is but foly' and wrong wening
To aſke ſo outrageous a thing,
And who ſo aſkith folily
He mote be warnid haſtily;
And I ne wote what I may ſay,
I am ſo ferre out of the way,
For I would have ful grete liking
And ful grete joy of laſſè thing;
For would ſhe of her gentilneſſe
Withoutin more me onis keſſe
It were to me a grete guerdon,
Releſe of all my paſſion:
But it is harde to come therto;
Al is but foly that I do;
So highe I have mine hertè ſette
Where that I may no comfort gette:

I n'ote wher I ſay well or nought,
But this I wote well in my thought,
That it were bette of her alone
For to ſtintin my wo and mone:
A loke on her I caſt godely
Than for to have al uttirly
Of an othir al whole the play.
Ah Lord! where I ſhal bide the day
That ere ſhe ſhal my lady be?
He is ful cured that may her ſe.
Ah God! whan ſhal the dauning ſpringe?
To liggin thus is angry thing;
I have no joy thus here to lie
Whan that my love is not me bie:
A man to lien hath grete diſeſe
Which maie not ſlepe ne reſt in eſe:
I would it dawed and were now day,
And that the night were went away,
For were it daye I would up riſe:
Ah ſlowè ſonne! ſhewe thine enpriſe;
Spede the to ſprede thy bemis bright,
And chace the derkneſſe of the night,
To put away the ſtoundis ſtrong
Whiche in me laſtin al to long.

The night ſhalt thou continue ſo
Withoutin reſt, in paine and wo;
If er thou knew of love diſtreſſe
Thou mowe lerne it in that ſikeneſſe;

And thus enduring ſhalt thou lie,
And riſe on morow up erly
Out of thy bed, and harneis the
Er evir dawning thou maiſt ſe:
Al privily than ſhalt thou gone,
What wethre' it be, thy ſelfe alone,
For reine or haile, for ſnowe for ſlete,
Thidir ſhe dwelleth that is ſo ſwete,
The whiche maie fal a ſlepè be,
And thinkith but lite upon the:
Than ſhalt thou go, ful ſoule aferde,
Loke if the gatè be unſperde,
And waite without in woe and paine,
Ful ill a colde in winde and raine:
Than ſhalt thou go the dore before,
If thou maiſte findin any ſhore,
Or hole, or refte, what ere it were;
Than ſhalt thou ſtoupe and lay to ere
If they within a ſlepè be,
I mene al ſave thy lady fre,
Whom waking if thou maiſt aſpie
Go put thy ſelfe in jupardie,
To aſkin grace and the bimene,
That ſhe maie wete withoutin wene
That thou all night no reſt haſt had,
So ſore for her thou were beſtad.
   Women wel ought pite to take
Of them that ſorowen for ther ſake:

And loke for love of that relike
That thou thinkè none othir like,
For whan thou haſt ſo gret anney
Shall kiſſe the er thou go awey,
And hold that in ful grete deinte:
And for that no man ſhall the ſe
Before the houſe ne in the way,
Loke thou be gon againe er day:
Suchè comming and ſuche going,
Suche hevineſſe and ſuche walking,
Makith lovirs withoutin wene
Undir ther clothis pale and lene.
Love ne leveth coloure ne clereneſſe;
Who lovith trewe hath no fatneſſe.
Thou ſhalt wel by thy ſelfin ſe
That thou muſt nedes aſſayid be,
For men that ſhape 'hem othir way
Falſely ther ladies to betray
No wondir is though thei be fatte,
With falſe othis ther loves thei gatte;
For ofte I ſe ſuche loſingeours
Fattir than abottes or priours.
Yet with o thing I wolle the charge,
That is to ſay, that thou be large
Unto the maide that her doth ſerve;
So beſt her thanke thou ſhalte deſerve:
Yeve her geſtis, and get her grace,
For ſo thou may thankè purchace,

That ſhe the worthy holde and fre,
Thy lady'and al that may the ſe:
Alſo her ſervauntes worſhip aie,
And pleſin as muche as thou maie;
Grete gode through them may come to the,
Bicauſe with her thei ben prive;
Thei ſhal her tel how thei the fande
Curteis and wiſe, and wel doande,
And ſhe ſhal preiſe the wel the more:
Loke out of londe thou be not fore,
And if ſuche cauſe thou have that the
Behoveth to gone out of countre,
Leave wholely thine hert in hoſtage
Til thou againe make thy paſſage:
Thinke long to ſe the ſwetè thing
That hath thine hert in her keping.
  Now have I tolde the in what wiſe
A lovir ſhal do me ſervice;
Do it than if that thou wolt have
The mede that thou doſt aftir crave.

When Love al this had bodin me
I ſaid him, Sir, how may it be
That lovirs may in ſuche manere
Endure the paine ye have ſaid here?
I marvailin me wondir faſte
How any man may live or laſte
In ſuche paine and in ſuche brenning,
In ſorue'and thought, and ſuche ſighing,

Aie unrelesid wo to make
Wher so it be thei slepe or wake,
In suche anoy continuelly;
As helpe me God this mervaile I
How man, but he were made of stele,
Might live a monthe such paines to fele.

The god of Love than said to me,
Frende, by the faith I owe to the
May no man have gode but he' it bie:
A man lovith more tendirlie
The thing that he hath bought most dere;
For wete thou well withoutin were
In thanke that thing is takin more
For which a man hath suffrid sore:
Certis no wo ne may attaine
Unto the soré of lov'is paine,
None evil therto may amounte,
No morè than a man may counte
The droppes that of the watir be,
For drie as wel the gretè se
Thou mightist as the harmis tell
Of all them that with Love ydwell
In service, for peinè them sleeth,
And that eche wouldè fle the deeth,
And trowe thei should nevir escape,
Ne were that hope ycouth 'hem make

Glad as a man in priſon ſete
And maie not gettin for to ete
But barlie bred and watir pure,
And lieth in vermin and ordure:
With allè this yet can he live,
Gode hope ſuche comfort hath him yeve,
Whiche makith wene that he ſhal be
Releſed and come to liberte:
In Fortune is fully his truſt
Although he lie in ſtrawe or duſt;
In hope is al his ſuſtaining:
So fare lovirs in ther wenning
Whiche Love hath ſhitte in his priſoun,
Gode hope is ther ſalvacioun;
Gode hope (how ſorè that thei ſmerte)
Yevith 'hem bothè will and herte
T'offre ther bodie to martyre,
For hope ſo ſore doth 'hem deſire
To ſuffre' eche harme that men deviſe
For joye that aftirwarde ſhall riſe.

Hope in deſire catche victory,
In hope of Love' is al the glory,
For hope is all that Love maie yeve;
N'ere hope there ſhould no lengir live:
Bleſſid be hope! whiche with deſire
Avaunceth lovirs in ſuche manire.

Gode hope is curteiſe for to pleſe,
To kepe lovirs from all diſeſe:
Hope kepeth his londe, and woll abide
For any peril maie betide,
For hope to lovirs, as moſt chefe,
Doth 'hem endurin all miſchefe;
Hope is ther helpe whan miſtir is;
And I ſhal yeve the eke i-wis
Thre othir thinges that grete ſolace
Doth to them that be in my lace.
The firſt gode that maie be yfounde
To them that in my lace be bounde
Is ſwetè thought, for to recorde
Thingè wherwith thou canſt accorde
Beſt in thine herte, whethir ſhe be
Thinking in abſence gode to the.
Whan any lovir doth complaine,
And livith in diſtreſſe and paine,
Than ſwetè thought ſhal come as blive
Awaie his angre for to drive;
It maketh lovirs have remembraunce
Of comforte and of highe pleſaunce
That hope hath hight him for to winne;
For thought anone than ſhal beginne,
As ferre God wot as he can finde,
To make a mirrour of his minde,
For to beholde he wol not let,
Her perſon he ſhal fore him ſet,

Her laughing eyen persaunt and clere,
Her shape, her forme, her godely chere,
Her mouthe, that is so gracious,
So swete, and eke so savirous,
Of al her fetirs shal take hede,
His eyen with al her limmis fede.
Thus swete thinking shall aswage
The paine of lovirs and ther rage;
Thy joye shal double without gesse
Whan thou thinkest on her semelinesse,
Or of her laughing or her chere,
That to the made thy lady dere:
This comforte wol I that thou take,
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake,
Which is not lessè savirous,
Thou shouldest not ben to daungirous.

The second shal be swetè speche,
That hath to many one be leche,
To bring 'hem out of wo and were,
And helpe many a bachilere,
And many' a lady sent socour,
That hath ylovid paramoure,
Thorough speking (whan thei might here)
Of ther lovirs to them so dere;
To me it voidith al ther smerte
The whiche is closid in ther herte;

In hert it maketh 'hem glad and light,
Speche, whan thei mowe not havin ſight;
And therfore nowe it cometh to minde
In oldè dawis, as I finde,
That clerkis writtin that her knewe
There was a lady freſhe of hewe
Whiche of her love madin a ſong,
On him for to remembre' among,
In which ſhe ſaid, Whan that I here
Spekin of him that is ſo dere
To me it voidith allè ſmerte;
Iwis he ſitteth ſo nere mine herte,
To ſpek of him at eve or morowe
It curith me of al my ſorowe;
To me is none ſo high pleſaunce
As of his perſon daliaunce.
She wiſt ful wel that ſwete ſpeking
Comfortith in ful mochil thing;
Her love ſhe had full well aſſaide,
Of him ſhe was ful wel apaide;
To ſpeke of him her joye was ſet:
Therefore I rede the that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele
And kepe thy counſaile, and wellè hele,
To whom go ſhewe wholly thine herte,
Both wele and woe, and joye and ſmerte:
To get comforte to him thou go,
And privily bitwene you two

Ye shal speke of that godely thing
That hath thine hert in her keping,
Of her beaute and her semblaunce,
And of her godely countinaunce;
Of al thy state thou shalt him saie,
And aske him counsaile how thou maie
Do any thing that maie her plese,
For it to the shal do gret ese,
That he maie wete thou trust him so
Both of thy wele and of thy wo;
And if his herte to love be sette
His companie is moche the bette,
For reson wol he shewe to the
Al uttirly his privite,
And what she is he lovith so
To the plainly he shal undo,
Withoutin drede of any shame
Both tel her renome and her name;
Than shall he forthir ferre and nere,
And namely to thy lady dere
In sikir wise ye every other
Shal helpin as his ownè brother
In trouthe withoutin doublenesse,
And kepin close in sikirnesse;
For it is noble thing in fay
To have a man thou darstè say
Thy privy counsaile every dele,
For that woll comforte the right wele;

And thou ſhalt holde the wel apaied
Whan ſuche a frende thou haſt aſſaied.

The thirdè gode of grete comfort,
That yevith lovirs moſt diſport,
Comith of ſight and beholding,
That is yclepid Swete Loking,
The whichè may none eſe ydo
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro,
Wherfore thou preſe alway to be
In placè where thou maiſt her ſe,
For it is thing moſt amirous
Moſte delitable' and favirous,
For to aſſwage a mann'is ſorow
To ſene his lady by the morow;
For it is a ful noble thing
Whan that thine eyin have meting
With that relike ſo precious
Whereof thei be ſo deſirous.
But al daie aftir ſothe it is
Thei have no drede to ſaren amis;
Thei dredin neithir winde ne raine,
Ne non othir manir of paine;
For whan thine eyen were thus in bliſſe
Yet of ther curtiſie iwiſſe
Alone thei can not have ther joye,
But to the hertè thei convoye

Parte of ther bliſſe, to him thou ſende
Of all this harme to make amende.
The eye is a gode meſſangere,
Which can to the' hert in ſuche manere
Tidingis ſende, that he hath ſene
To voide him of his painis clene,
Wherof the hert rèjoyſith ſo
That a grete partie of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight;
Right as the derkneſſe of the night
Is chaſed with clereneſſe of the mone,
Right ſo is al his wo ful ſone
Devoidid clene whan that the ſight
Beholdin may that freſhè wight
Whiche that the hert deſirith ſo,
That al his derkeneſſe is ago,
For than the herte is all at eſe
When thei ſene that that maie 'hem pleſe.
Now have I declared the al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute,
For I have tolde the faithfully
What the may curin uttirly,
And al lovirs that wollin be
Faithful and of ſtabilite;
Gode Hope alway kepe by thy ſide,
And Swetè Thought make eke abide,
Swetè Loking and Swetè Speche,
Of al thine harmes thei ſhal be leche:

Of bale thou ſhalt have grete pleſaunce
Yf thou canſt bide in ſuffiraunce,
And ſervin wele without feintiſe;
Thou ſhalt be quite of thine empriſe
With more guerdoun if that thou live,
But al this time this I the yeve.

The god of Love, whan al the day
He' had taught me as ye have herd ſay,
And enformid compendiouſly,
He vaniſhid al ſodainly,
And I alone ylefte al ſole,
So full of complaint and of dole,
For I ſawe no man there me by.
My woundes me grevid wondirſly;
Me for to cure nothing I knewe
Save the bothum ſo bright of hewe,
Wheron was ſette wholly my thought;
Of othir comforte knewe I nought,
But it were through the god of Love;
I knew nat elſe to my behove
That might me eſe or comfort gette
But if he would him entermette.
The roſir was withoutin dout
Yclosid with an hedge without,
As ye to forne have herde me ſaine,
And faſt I beſied, and would faine

Have paſſid the hay, if I might
Have gettin in by any ſleight,
To the bothum ſo faire to ſe,
But evir I dradde blamed to be
Yf men would have ſuſpection
That I would of entencion
Have ſtole the roſis that there were,
Therfore to entre' I was in fere;
But at the laſte, as I bethought
Whethir I ſhuldè paſſe or nought,
I ſawe come, with a gladdè chere,
To me a luſty bachilere
Of gode ſtature and of gode height,
And Bialacoil forſoth he height;
Sonnè he was to Curtiſie,
And he me grauntid ful gladlie
The paſſage of the uttir hay,
And ſaidè, Sir, how that ye may
Paſſe, if that it your wille ybe,
The freſhè roſir for to ſe,
And ye the ſwetè ſavour fele,
Your warrant I may be right wele;
So thou the kepin fro folie
Shal no man do the vilanie;
Yf I maie helpin you in ought
I ſhall not faine, dredith right nought,
For I am bounde to your ſervice
Fully devoide of all feintiſe.

Than unto Bialacoil saide I,
I thanke you, Sir, ful hertily,
And your behest I take at gre
That ye so godely profir me;
To you it cometh of grete fraunchise
That ye me profir your servise.
Than aftir ful delivirly
Through the breris anone went I
Wherof encombrid was the haie;
I was well plesed, the sothe to saie,
To se the bothum faire and sote
So freshe ysprong out of the rote.

And Bialacoil me servid wele
Whan I so nigh me mightin fele
Of the bothum the swete odoure,
And so lusty hewed of coloure;
But than a chorle, foule him betide!
Beside the rosis gan him hide,
To kepe the rosis of that rosere,
Of whom the namè was Daungere.
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Ycovirid with grasse and leves,
To spie and take whom that he fonde
Unto that rosir put an honde.
He was not sole, for there was mo,
For with him werin othir two

Of wickid manirs and ill fame;
That one was clepid by his name
Wickid Tonge, God yeve him ſorowe!
For neithir at eve ne at morowe
He can of no man gode yſpeke;
On many' a juſte man doth he wreke.
There was a woman that eke hight
Shamè, that who can rekin right
Treſpace ywas her fathir's name,
Her mothir Reſon; thus was Shame
Ybrought forth of theſe ilkè two,
And yet had Treſpace nere adoe
With Reſon, ne nere leie her by,
He was hidous and ſo ugly;
I menè this, that Treſpace hight,
But Reſon conceveth of a ſight
That Shame of which I ſpake aforne:
And whan that Shame was thus yborne
It was ordained that Chaſtite
Should of the roſir lady be,
Whiche of the bothums more and las
With ſondrie folke aſſailid was,
That ſhe ne wiſtè what to doe,
For Venus her aſſailith ſo
That night and daie fro her ſhe ſtall
Bothoms and roſis ovir all:
To Reſon than praieth Chaſtite,
Whom Venus hath flemed ore the ſe,

That ſhe her doughtir would her lene
To kepe the roſir freſhe and grene.
Anon Reſon to Chaſtite
Is fully' aſſentid that it be,
And grauntid her at her requeſt
That Shame, bicauſe ſhe is honeſt,
Shall kepir of the roſir be;
And thus to kepe it there were thre,
That none ſhould hardie be ne bolde
(Were he yongè or were he olde)
Again her will awaie to bere
Bothoms ne roſis that there were.
I had well ſped had I nat ben
Awaitid with theſe thre and ſene,
For Bialacoil, that was ſo faire,
So gracious and debonaire,
Quitte him to me ful curtiſly,
And me to pleſin badde that I
Should drawè to the bothom nere;
Preſe in to touchin the roſere
Whiche bare the Roſe he yafe me leve;
This graunt ne might but litill greve;
And for he ſawe it likid me
Right nigh the bothom pullid he
A leſe all grene, and yave me that,
The whiche full nigh the bothom ſat:
I madin of that leſe full queint,
And whan I felt I was aqueinte

With Bialacoil, and ſo prive,
I wende all my will had ybe,
Than wext I hardie for to tell
To Bialacoil how me befell
Of Love that toke and woundid me,
And ſayid, Sir, ſo mote I the,
I maie no joie have in no wiſe
Upon no ſide, but it ariſe
For ſithè (if I ſhall not faine)
In herte I have had ſo grete paine,
So grete anoie, and ſoche affraie,
That I ne wotte what I ſhall ſaie;
I drede your wrothè to deſerve;
Levir me were that knivis kerve
My bodie ſhould in pecis ſmall
Than in any wiſe it ſhould fall
That ye wrothid ſhould ben with me.
  Saie boldily thy will, (quod he)
I n'ill be wrothe, if that I maie,
For nought that thou ſhalt to me ſaie.

Than ſaied I, Sir, not you diſpleſe
To knowin of my grete uneſe,
In whiche only Love hath me brought,
For painis grete, diſeſe, and thought,
Fro daie to daie it doeth me drie;
Suppoſith not, Sir, that I lie:

In me five woundis did he make,
The ſore of whiche ſhall nevir ſlake
But ye the bothom grauntè me
Whiche is moſt paſſaunt of beaute,
My life, my deth, and my martyre,
And treſour that I moſte deſire.
Than Bialacoil, affrayid all,
Sayid, Sir, it maie not befall
That ye deſire; it maie not riſe;
What! would ye ſhende me in this wiſe?
A mokill folè than I were
If I ſuffrid you' awaie to bere
The freſhe bothom ſo faire of ſight,
For it were neithir ſkill ne right
Of the roſir ye broke the rinde,
Or take the Roſe aforne his kinde:
Ye are not curteis to aſke it;
Let it ſtill on the roſir ſit;
Let it growe till it' amendid be,
And perfitly come to beaute;
I n'olde not that it pullid were
Fro the roſir that doth it bere,
To me it is ſo leſe and dere.
With that anon ſtert out Daungere
Out of the place where he was hidde;
His malice in his chere was kidde:
Full grete he was, and blacke of hewe,
Sturdie and hidous, who ſo' him knewe;

Like ſharpe urchons his heere was growe,
His eyes red-ſparcling as fire glowe;
His noſe frouncid full kirkid ſtode;
He come criande as he were wode,
And ſaied, Bialacoil, tel me why
Thou bringiſt hidir ſo boldely
Him that ſo nigh to the roſere?
Thou worchiſt in a wrong manere;
He thinkith to diſhonour the;
Thou art well worthy to' have malgre
To let him of the roſere witte:
Who ſervith Fellone is ill quitte.
Thou wouldiſt have doen grete bounte,
And he with ſhame would quitè the.
Flie hens, felowe; I rede the go;
It wantith lite he wol the ſlo,
For Bialacoil ne knewe the nought
Whan the to ſerve he ſet his thought,
For thou wolt ſhame him if thou might
Bothe again reſon and 'gainſt right:
I woll no more in the affie
That comeſt ſo ſlightly for t'eſpie,
For it provith wondirly wele
Thy ſleight and treſon every dele.
I durſt no more make there abode
For the chorlè, he was ſo wode:
So gan he threttin and manace,
And through the haie he did me chace,

For fere of him I trembled and quoke,
So chorliſhely his hedde he ſhoke,
And ſaied, If eft he might me take
I ſhould nat from his hondis ſcape.
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
And I all ſole diſconſolate,
Was left alone in pain and thought;
Fro ſhame to deth I was nigh brought:
Than thought I on my high folie,
How that my bodie uttirlie
Was yeve to pain and to martire,
And therto had I ſo grete ire,
That I ne durſt the hayis paſſe;
There was no hope, there was no grace:
I trowe nevir man wiſte of pain
But he were laced in Lov'is chain,
Ne no man wiſt, (and ſoth it is)
But if he love, what angir is.
  Love holdeth his heſte to me right wele;
Whan pain (he ſayid) I ſhould fele
No herte maie thinke no tongè ſain
A quartir of my wo and pain;
I might not with the angir laſt;
Mine herte in poinct was for to braſt
Whan I thought on the Roſe, that ſo
Was thorough Daungir caſt me fro.
A long while ſtode I in that ſtate,
Till that me ſawe ſo madde and mate

The ladie of the highè ward,
Whiche from her toure loked thidirward.
  Reſon men clepin that lady,
Whiche from her toure delivirly
Came doune to me withoutin more;
But ſhe was neither yong ne hore,
Ne high ne lowe, ne fatte ne lene,
But beſt, as it were in a mene:
Her eyin two were clere and light
As a candill that brennith bright;
And on her hedde ſhe had a croune;
Her ſemid well an high perſoune,
For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche ſtonis afret;
Her godely ſemblaunt by deviſe
I trowe was made in Paradiſe,
For Nature had nevir ſoche grace
To forge a worke of ſoche compace;
For certain, but if the' lettir lie,
Grete God himſelf, that is ſo hie,
Formid her aftir his image,
And yafe her ſithe ſoche avauntage
That ſhe hath might and ſeignorie
To kepè men from all folie:
Who ſo woll trowè wele her lore
Ne maie offendin nevirmore.
  And while I ſtode thus derke and pale
Reſon began to me her tale:

She ſaied, Al haile, my ſwetè frende!
Folie and childhod woll the ſhende,
Whiche the have put in grete afraie;
Thou haſt bought dere the time of Maie,
That made thine herte merie to be;
In evill time thou wenteſt to ſe
The gardin whereof Idilneſſe
Ybare the keie and was maiſtreſſe,
Whan that thou yediſt in the daunce
With her, and haddin acquaintaunce;
Her acquaintaunce is perillous,
Firſt ſoft, and aftir full noious;
She hath the traſhid without wene;
The god of Love had the nat ſene,
Ne had Idilneſſe the conveide
Within the verge where Mirthe him pleide;
If Folie have ſurpriſid the
Doe ſo that it recovered be,
And be well ware to take no more
Counſaile that grevith aftir ſore:
He' is wiſe that woll himſelf chaſtiſe.
    Though a yong man in any wiſe
Treſpaſſe emong and doe folie,
Let him nat dwelle, but haſtilie
Let him amende what ſo be mis;
And eke I counſaile the i-wis
The god of Love wholly foryete,
That hath the in ſoche pain yſete,

And the in herte tourmentid ſo;
I can not ſene how thou maieſt go
Othir waies the to gariſoun,
For Daungere, that is ſo feloun,
Fellie purpoſeth the to werreie,
Whiche is full cruill, ſothe, to ſeie.

And yet of Daungere cometh no blame;
In reward of my doughtir Shame,
Whiche hath the roſis in her warde,
As ſhe that maie be no muſarde,
And Wickid Tong is with theſe two,
That ſuffrith no man thidir go,
For er a thing be doe he ſhall,
Where that he comith ovir all,
In fourtie placis, if' it be ſought,
Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought,
So moche traiſon is in his male,
Of falſeneſſe for to faine a tale.
Thou deleſt with angrie folke i-wis,
Wherefore to the the bettir is
From theſe folkis awaie to fare,
For thei woll make the live in care;
This is the ill that Love thei call,
Wherein there is but folie all,
For love is folie every dell;
Who loveth in no wiſe maie doe well,

Ne ſet his thought on no gode werke;
His ſchole he leſeth if he be clerke,
Or othir craft if that he be
He ſhall not thrive therein, for he
In love ſhal have more paſſioun
Than monke, or hermite, or chanoun.
This pain is herd out of meſure;
The joiè maie no while endure;
And eke in the poſſeſſion
Is mochil tribulacion;
The joie it is ſo ſhort laſting,
And but in hape is the getting;
I ſe there many in travaile
That at the laſt ſhall fouly faile;
I was nothing thy counſailer,
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of Love to haſtily,
Where was no wiſedome but folie;
Thine harte was jolie but not ſage
Whan thou were brought in ſoche a rage
To yelde the up ſo redily
To Love of his grete maiſtiry.

I rede the Love awaie to drive,
That maketh the reche not of thy live;
The folie more fro daie to daie
Shall growe but thou it put awaie;

Take with thy tethe the bridill faſte
To daunt thy herte, and eke the caſte,
If that thou maieſt, to get defence
For to redreſſe thy firſt offence:
Who ſo his herte alwaie woll leve
Shall finde emong that ſhall him greve.
  Whan I her herd thus me chaſtiſe
I anſwerde in full angrie wiſe,
I prayid her ceſſe of her ſpeche
Eithir to chaſtiſe me or teche,
To biddè me my thought refrein,
Whiche Love hath caught in his demein:
What wenin ye Love woll conſent
(That me aſſayith with bowe bent)
To drawe mine herte out of his honde,
Whiche is ſo quickly in his bonde?
That ye counſaile maie nevir be,
For whan he firſt areſtid me
He toke mine herte ſo ſore him till
That it is nothing at my will;
He taught it ſo him for to' obeie
That he it ſparrid with a keie.
I praie you let me be all ſtill,
For ye maie well, if that ye will,
Your wordis waſte in idilneſſe,
For uttirly, withoutin geſſe,
All that ye ſaine is but in vain;
Me were levir die in the pain

Than Love to meward ſhould arette,
Falſhede or treſon on me ſette:
I woll me gettin pris or blame,
And love true for to ſave my name:
Who me chaſtiſith I him hate.
With that worde Reſon went her gate,
Whan ſhe ſawe for no ſermoning
She might me fro my folie bring:
Than diſmayid I left all ſole,
For-werie, for-wandred, as a fole,
For I ne knewe no cheriſaunce:
Than fell into my remembraunce
How Love ybadde me to purveie
A felawe to whom I might ſeie
My counſaile and my privite,
For that ſhould moche availin me.
With that bethought I me that I
Yhad a felaw faſtè by
True and ſikir, curteis and hende,
And he called was by name a Frende;
A truer felawe was no where none.
In haſt to him I went anone,
And to him all my wo I told,
Fro him right nought I would withold,
I tolde him all withoutin were,
And made my compleint on Daungere,
How for to ſeie he was hidous,
And to meward contrarious,

The whichè through his cruilte
Was in poinct to have meimid me,
With Bialacoil whan he me ſeie
Within the gardin walke and pleie
Fro me he made him for to go,
And I be left alone in wo;
I durſt no lengir with him ſpeke,
For Daungir ſaied he would be wreke
Whan that he ſawe how that I went
The freſhè bothom for to hent,
If I werè hardie to come nere
Bitwene the haie and the roſere.
  This frende, whan he wiſt of my thought,
He diſcomfortid me right nought,
But ſaied, Felawe, be nat ſo madde,
Ne ſo abaſhid nor beſtadde;
My ſelfe I knowe full well Daungere,
And how that he is fiers of chere,
At primè temps, Love to manace;
Full oft I have ben in his caſe;
A felon firſt though that he be
Aftir thou ſhalt him ſouple ſe:
Of long paſſid I knewe him wele;
Ungodelie firſt though men him fele
He woll meke aftre' in his bering
Ben for ſervice and obeiſing:
I ſhall the tell what thou ſhalt doe;
Mekely I rede thou go him to,

Of herte praie him ſpecially
Of thy treſpace to have mercie,
And hotin him well here to pleſe,
That thou ſhalt ner more him diſpleſe:
Who can beſt ſerve of flatiry
Shall pleſe Daungir moſt utteirly.
My frende hath ſaied to me ſo wele
That he me eſid hath somedele,
And eke allegged of my tourment,
For through him had I hardiment
Again to Daungir for to go,
To preve if I might make him ſo.

To Daungir cam I all aſhamed,
The whiche aforne me had yblamed,
Deſiring for t'apeſe my wo,
But ovir hedge durſt I nat go,
For he forbode me the paſſage:
I founde him cruiil in his rage,
And in his honde a grete bourdoun:
To him I knelid lowe adoun,
Full meke of port and ſimple' of chere,
And ſaied, Sir, I am comin here
Onely to aſk of you mercie;
It grevith me full gretily
That evir I have wrathid you,
But for to' amende I am come now,

With all my might bothe loude and ſtill
To doin right at your owne will,
For Love madin me for to do
That I have treſpaſſed hidirto,
Fro whome I ne maie drawe mine herte,
Yet ſhall I nere for joie ne ſmerte
(What ſo befall me, gode or ill)
Offendin more again your will;
Levir I have endure diſeſe
Than doe that whiche ſhould you diſpleſe.

I you require and praie that ye
Of me have mercie and pite,
To ſtint your ire that grevith ſo,
That I woll ſwere for evirmo
To be redreſſed at your liking
If I treſpace in any thing,
Save that (I praie the) grauntê me
A thing that maie nat warnid be,
That I maie love all onily,
None othir thing of you aſke I;
I ſhall doin all wele i-wis,
If of your grace you graunt me this,
And that ye maie nat lettin me,
For well wote ye that love is fre,
And I ſhall loven ſoche that I will,
Who evir like it well or ill,

And yet ne would I for all Fraunce
Doe thing to doe you displesaunce.
 Than Danngir fill in his entent
For to foryeve his male talent,
But all his wrathe yet at the last
He hath relesed, I praied so fast.
Shortly, (he sayid) thy request
Is nat to mokill dishonest,
Ne I woll nat wernin it the,
For yet nothing engrevith me;
For though thou love thus evirmore
To me is neithir softe ne sore:
Love where the list, what rechith me?
So ferre thou fro my rosis be;
Trust not on me for none assaie
In any time to passe the haie.
 Thus hath he grauntid my praiere:
Than went I forthe withoutin were
Unto my frende, and told him all
Whiche was right joifull of my tale.
(He saied) Now goeth well thine affaire,
He shall to the be debonaire;
Though he aforne was dispitous
He shall hereaftir be gracious;
If he were touched on some gode vein
He should yet rewin on thy pein:
Suffir, I rede, and no boste make
Till thou at gode mes maiest him take.

By suffraunce and by wordis soft
A man maie ovircomin oft
Him that aforne he had in drede,
In bokis sothly as I rede.
Thus hath my frende with grete comfort
Avauncid me with high disport,
Whiche would me gode as moche as I;
And than anon full sodainly
I toke my leve, and streight I went
Unto the haie, for grete talent
I had to sene the freshe bothom
Wherein laie my salvacion,
And Daungir toke kepe if that I
Kepe him covinaunt truily:
So sore I drede his manasing
I durst not brekin his bidding,
For lest that I were of him shent
I brake not his commaundiment,
For to purchasin his gode will
It was for to comin there till;
His mercie was to ferre behinde
Ykept, for I ne might it finde:
I complainid and sighid sore,
And languishid evir the more,
For I ne durst nat ovir go
Unto the Rose I lovid so,
Throughout my deming uttirly
That he had knowlege certainly:

Than Love me ladde in ſochè wiſe
That in me there was no feintiſe
Ne falſhedde, ne no trecherie,
And yet he full of villanie,
And of diſdaine and cruilte,
On me ne would have no pite
His cruill will for to refrain,
Tho I wept aie and me complain.

And while I was in this turment
Were come of grace, by God yſent,
Dame Fraunchiſe, and with her Pite,
Fulfilde the bothom of bounte:
Thei go to Daungir anon right
To ferthir me with all ther might,
And helpe me in worde and in dede,
For well thei ſawe that it was nede.
Firſt of her gracè Dame Fraunchiſe
Ytakin hath of this empriſe;
She ſaied, Daungir, grete wrong ye doe
To worche this man ſo mochil woe,
Or pinin him ſo angirlie,
It is to you grete villanie;
I can not ſe ne why ne how
That he hath treſpaſſed again you,
Save that he loveth, wherefore ye ſhold
The more in charite' of him hold:
The force of Love maketh him doe this;
Who would him blame he did amis:

He levith more than he maie doe;
His pain is harde ye maie ſe, lo!
And Love in no wiſe would conſent
That he have powir to repent,
For though that quicke ye would him ſlo
Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go.
  Now, ſwetè Sir, it is your eſe
Him for to angir or diſeſe.
Alas! what maie it you avaunce
To doen to him ſo grete grevaunce?
What worſhip is' it again him take,
Or on your man a werrè make,
Sithe he ſo lowlie every wiſe
Is redy as ye luſte deviſe?
If Love have caught him in his lace,
You for t' obaie in every cace,
And ben your ſubject at your will,
Should ye therfore willin him ill?
Ye ſhould him ſparin more all out
Than him that is bothe proude and ſtout:
Curtiſie would that ye ſuccoure
Them that ben meke undir your cure:
His herte is hard that woll not meke
Whan men of mekeneſſe him beſeke.

This is certain, ſayid Pite,
We ſe oft that humilite

Bothe ire and alſo ſelonie
Venquiſh'eth, and alſo' melancolie,
To ſtondin forthe in ſoche dureſſe
This cruilte and wickidneſſe;
Wherefore I praie you, Sir Daungere,
For to maintein no lengir here
Soche cruill werre again your man,
As wholly your's as er he can,
Nor that ye worchin no more wo
On this caitiſe languiſhing ſo,
Whiche woll no more to you treſpace,
But put him wholly in your grace:
And his offence ne was but lite;
The god of Love it was to wite
That he your thrall ſo gretely is:
If ye him harme ye doen amis,
For he hath had full hard penaunce
Sith that ye reft him th' aquaintaunce
Of Bialacoil, his moſtè joie,
Whiche all his painis might acoie:
He was before anoyid ſore,
But than ye doublid him well more,
For he of bliſſe hath ben full bare
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare:
Love hath to him done grete diſtreſſe,
He hath no nede of more dureſſe:
Voidith from him your ire I rede;
Ye maie not winnin in this dede:

Maketh Bialacoil repaire again
And havith pite on his pain,
For Fraunchiſe woll, and I Pite,
That mercifull to him ye be;
And ſithe that ſhe and I accorde
Have upon him miſericorde,
For I you praie, and eke moneſte,
Nought to refuſin our requeſte,
For he is hard and fell of thought,
That for us two woll doe right nought.
Daungir ne might no more endure,
He mekid him unto meſure.
  I woll in no wiſe, ſaieth Daungere,
Denie that ye have aſkid here,
It were to grete uncurtiſie;
I woll ye have the companie
Of Bialacoil, as ye deviſe;
I woll him lettin in no wiſe.
To Bialacoil than went in hie
Fraunchiſe, and ſaied full curtiſlie,
Ye have to long yben deignous
Unto this lovir and daunge'rous,
Fro him to withdrawe your preſence,
Whiche hath doe to him grete offence,
That ye not would upon him ſe,
Wherfore a ſorowfull man is he:
Shape ye to paie him and to pleſe,
Of my love if ye woll have eſe:

Fulfill his will: ſith that ye knowe
Daungir is dauntid and brought lowe
Through helpe of me and of Pite
You dare no more aferde to be.
  I ſhall doin right as ye will,
Saieth Bialacoil, for it is ſkill,
Sith Daungir woll that it ſo be;
Than Fraunchiſe hath him ſent to me.

Bialacoil at the beginning
Saluid me in his comming;
No ſtraungèneſſe was in him ſene
No more than he ne' had wrathid ben;
As faire ſemblaunt than ſhewed he me,
And godely, as aforne did he,
And by the honde withoutin doubt
Within the haie right all about
He lad me with a right gode chere,
All environ on the vergere
That Daungere had me chaſid fro.
Now have I leve ovre' all to go,
Now am I raiſed at my deviſe
Fro hell up unto paradiſe.
Thus Bialacoil of gentilneſſe
With all his pain and buſineſſe
Hath ſhewid me onely of grace
The eſtirs of the ſotè place.

I ſawe the Roſe, whan I was nigh,
Was gretir woxin and more high,
Freſhe and roddy, and faire of hewe,
Of colour evir iliche newe:
And whan I had it longè ſene
I ſawe that through the levis grene
The Roſè ſpred to ſpanniſhing,
To ſene it was a godely thing,
But it ne was ſo ſprede on brede
That men within might knowe the ſede,
For it covert ywas and cloſe
Bothe with the leves and with the Roſe;
The ſtalke was even' and grene upright,
It was thereon a godely ſight,
And well the bettir without wene
For that the ſede was not yſene:
Full faire it ſprad, the god of Bleſſe,
For ſoche an othir as I geſſe
Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile;
I was abawid for marveile,
For er the fairir that it was
The more I'am boundin in Love's laas.
Long I abode there, ſothe to ſaie,
Till Bialacoil I gan to praie,
Whan that I ſawe him in no wiſe
To me to warnin his ſervice,
That he to me would graunt a thing
Whiche to remembre' is well ſitting,

This is to saine, that of his grace
He would me yeve leisar and space,
To me that was so desirous
To have a kissing precious
Of the so godely freshè Rose
That so swetely smelleth in my nose,
For if it you displesid nought
I woll gladly, as I have sought,
Havin a kisse thereof frely
Of your yeftè, for certainly
I woll none have but by your leve,
So lothe me were you for to greve.

He sayid, Frende, so God me spede,
Of Chastite I have soche drede,
Thou shouldest not warnid be for me,
But I dare not for Chastite;
Again her dare I not misdoe,
For alwaie biddith she me so
To yeve no lovir leve to kisse,
For who thereto may winnen, i-wisse
He of the surplus of the praie
May live in hope to get some daie;
For who so kissing maie attain
Of lov'is pain hath (soth to sain)
The best and the moste avinaunt,
And ernest of the reminaunt.

Of his anſwere I ſighid ſore,
I durſt aſſaie him tho no more,
I had ſuche drede to greve him aie:
A man ſhould not to muche aſſaie
To chaſe his frende out of meſure,
Nor put his life in avinture;
For no man at the firſte ſtroke
Ne may not fel adoune an oke,
Nor of the reiſins have the wine
Till grapes be ripe and wel a-fine,
Be ſore empreſſed, I you enſure,
And drawin out of the preſſure:
But I, forpeinid wondir ſtrong,
Thoughtè that I abode right long
Aftir the kiſſe in paine and wo,
Sith I to kiſſe deſirid ſo;
Till that rewing on my diſtreſſe
There comin Venus the goddeſſe,
(Whiche aie werryith Chaſtite)
Came of her grace to ſocour me,
Whoſe might is knowin ferre and wide,
For ſhe is mothir of Cupide,
The god of Love, as blinde as ſtone,
That helpith lovirs many one.
This lady brought in her right honde
Of brenning fire a blaſing bronde,

Whereof the flame and hotè fire
Hath many' a lady in desire
Of love ybrought, and sore yhette,
And in her service her herte sette.
This lady was of gode entaile,
Right wondirful of apparaile;
By her atire so bright and shene
Men might percevin well and sene
She was not of religioun;
Nor I n'il makin mencioun
Nor of her robe nor of tresour,
Of broche ne of her riche attour,
Ne of her girdle' about her side,
For that I n'il not long abide;
But knowith well that certainly
She was arrayid richily;
Devoide of pride certaine she was;
To Bialacoil she went a paas,
And to him shortely in a clause
She sayid, Sir, what is the cause
Ye ben of porte so daungirous
Unto this lovir and dainous,
To graunt him nothing but a kisse?
To warne it him ye done amisse,
Sithe well ye wotin how that he
Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se,
And hath beaute, wher through he is
Worthy of love to have the blis.

How he' is ſemely beholde and ſe,
How he is faire, how he is fre,
How he is ſote and debonaire,
Of agè yonge, luſty and faire:
There is no lady ſo hauteine,
Ducheſſe, counteſſe, ne chaſtèlaine,
That I n'olde holde her ungodely
For to refuſe him uttirly.
  His brethe is alſo gode and ſwete,
And his lippes roddy; are thei mete
Only to plaine and not to kiſſe?
Graunt him a kiſſe of gentilneſſe.
  His teth arne alſo white and clene;
Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene
If ye now warne him, truſtith me,
To grauntè that a kiſſe have he;
The laſſe ye helpe him that ye haſte,
And the more timè ſhul ye waſte.
  Whan the flame of the very bronde
That Venus brought in her right honde
Had Bialacoil with his hete ſmete
Anone he bade me without lete,
And grauntid me the Roſe to kiſſe,
Than of my paine I ganne to liſſe,
And to the Roſe anon went I,
And kiſſid it ful faithfully.
Nede no man aſke if I was blith
Whan the ſavour ſo ſofte and lith

Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,
And me alleggid of my ſore,
So was I ful of joye and bliſſe;
It is faire ſuche a floure to kiſſe;
It was ſo ſote and ſavirous
I might not be ſo anguiſhqus
That I mote glad and joly be;
Whan that I do remembre me
Yet evre' among (ſothly to ſaine)
I ſuffre noie and mochil paine.

The ſe may nevir be ſo ſtill
But with a litill winde at will
May ovirwhelme and tourne alſo
As it were wode in wawis go;
Aftir the calme the trouble ſone
Mote folow, and chaunge as the mone.
Right ſo fareth Love, that ſelde in one
Holdeth his ancre, for right anone
Whan thei in eſe wene beſt to live
They ben with tempeſt all fordrive.
Who ſervith Love can tel of wo
The ſtoundmele joye mote ovirgo;
Now he hurtith and now he cureth,
For ſelde in o pointe Love endureth.
Now is it right me to procede
How Shame gan medle and take hede,

Through whom fel angirs I have hade,
And how the ſtrongè wall was made,
And the caſtill of brede and length,
That god of Love wan with his ſtrength:
Al this in Romance will I ſet,
And for no thing ne will I let,
So that it liking to her be
That is the floure of all beaute,
For ſhe may beſt my labour quite
That I for her love ſhal endite.

Wickid Tonge, whiche that the covine
Of every lovir can devine
Worſte, and aie addith more ſomdele,
(For wickid tonge ſaith nevir wele)
To mewarde bare he right gret hate,
Eſpying me erly and late,
Til he hath ſene the gretè chere
Of Bialacoil and me iſere:
He ne might not his tonge withſtonde
Worſe to reportin than he fonde,
He was ſo ful of curſid rage:
It ſat him wele of his linage,
For him an Iriſhe woman bare:
His tonge was filid ſharpe and ſquare,
And right poignaunt, and right kerving,
And wondir bittir in ſpeking;
For whan that he me gan eſpie
He ſwore (affirming ſikirly)

Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was ill aquaintaunce and prive:
He ſpake therof ſo folilie
That he awakid Jelouſie,
Whiche all afraied in his riſing,
Whan that he herdè the jangling,
He ran anon as he were wode
To Bialacoil there that he ſtode,
Whichè had levir in this caas
Have ben at Reines or Amias,
For fote-hote in his felonie
To him thus ſaidè Jelouſie;
“ Why haſt thou ben ſo negligent
“ To kepin, whan I was abſent,
“ This vergir here lefte in thy warde?
“ To me thou haddiſt no regarde
“ To truſt (to thy confuſion)
“ Him thus, to whom ſuſpection
“ I have right grete, for it is nede,
“ It is well ſhewid by the dede:
“ Grete faute in the now have I founde;
“ By God anon thou ſhalt be bounde,
“ And faſtè lockin in a toure,
“ Withoutin refuite or ſocoure.

“ For Shame to long hath be the fro;
“ Ovir ſonè ſhe was ago;

"Whan thou haſt loſt both drede and fere
"It ſemid well ſhe was not here,
"For ſhe was beſy in no wiſe
"To kepin the and to chaſtice,
"And for to helpin Chaſtite
"To kepe the roſir, as thinketh me,
"For than this boie knave ſo boldly
"Ne ſhouldè nat have be hardy,
"Ne in this vergir had ſuche game,
"Which now me tournith to grete ſhame."

Bialacoil n'is what to ſaie,
Ful faine he would have fled awaie,
For fere have hyid, n'ere that he
All ſodainly toke him with me;
And whan I ſawe that he had ſo
This Jelouſie takin us two
I was aſtoned, and knewe no rede,
But fleddè away for very drede.
Than Shame came forth ful ſimpilly;
She wende have treſpaced ful gretely,
Humble' of her porte, and made it ſimple,
Wering a vaile in ſtede of wimple,
As nonnis done in ther abbey:
Bicauſe her hert was in affray
She gan to ſpeke within a throwe
To Jelouſie right wondir lowe.

First of his grace ſhe him beſought,
And ſayid, Sir, ne levith nought
Wickid Tongè, that falſe eſpie,
Which is ſo glad to faine and lie;
He hath you made through flatiring
On Bialacoil a falſe leſing;
His falſneſſe is not nowe a newe,
It is to longe that he him knewe;
This ne is not the firſtè daie,
For Wickid Tonge hath cuſtome aie
The yongè folkis to bewrie,
And falſe leſingis on 'hem lie.
Yet nere-theleſſe I ſe among
That the ſoignè it is ſo long
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure
In Lov'is ſervice for to' endure,
Ydrawing ſuchè folke him to
That he hath nothing with to do,
But in ſothneſſe I trowè nought
That Bialacoil had er in thought
To do treſpace or vilanie,
But for his mothir Curtiſie
Hath taught him evir for to be
Gode of aqueintaunce and prive,
For he lovith none hevineſſe,
But mirth and play, and all gladneſſe;
He hatith eke allè trechours,
And ſoleine folke and envious,

For ye wele wetin how that he
Wol evir glad and joyful be
Honeſtly with folkè to pley:
I have be negligent in fey
To chaſtiſe him, therfore now I
Of herte ycrie you here mercy,
That I have ben ſo rechiles
To tamin him withoutin lees;
Of my foly I me repent;
Now wol I whole ſet mine entent
To kepin bothè low and ſtill
Bialacoil to do your will.
O Shame! o Shame! ſaide Jelouſie,
To be bitraſhed grete drede have I;
Lecherie hath yclombe ſo hie,
That almoſt blerid is mine eie:
No wondir is if drede have I,
Ovir al reignith Lechery,
Whoſe might ygrowith night and dey
Both in cloiſtre and in abbey;
Chaſtite' is werried ovir all,
Therfore I woll with ſikir wall
Cloſe both the roſis and roſere;
I have to long in this manere
Lefte 'hem uncloſid wilfully,
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorowfull, and repentè me;
But now thei ſhall no lengir be

Unclosid; and yet I drede sore
I shall repentè ferthirmore,
For the game goith all amis;
Counsaile I mustè newe i-wis:
I have to long ytrustid the,
But now it shal no lengir be,
For he may best in every coste
Decevin that men trustin moste:
I se well that I am nigh shent
But if I set my full entent
Some remedie for to purveie,
Wherfore closin I shall the wey
From them that woll the Rose espie,
And come to waite me vilonie;
For now in gode faith and in trouth
I wol not lettin for no slouth,
To live the more in sikirnesse,
Do make anon a fortiresse,
Than close the rosis of gode savour;
In middis shal I make a tour
To put Bialacoil in prison,
For evir I drede me of treson:
I trow I shal him kepè so
That he shal have no might to go
About to makin companie
To them that thinke of vilanie,
Ne to no suche as hath ben here
Aforne, and founde in him gode chere,

Whiche han aſſailid him to ſhende,
And with ther trowandiſe to blende:
A folè is eith to begile;
But may I live a litil while
He ſhal forthinke his faire ſemblaunt.
And with that worde came Drede Avaunt,
Whiche was abaſhed, and in grete fere
Whan he wiſt Jelouſie was there;
He was for drede in ſuche affray
That not a wordè durſte he ſay,
But quaking ſtode ful ſtil alone,
(Til Jelouſie his way was gone)
Save Shamè, that him not forſoke;
Both Drede and ſhe ful ſorè quoke,
That at the laſtè Drede abraide,
And to his coſin Shamè ſaide:
Shamè, (he ſaid) in ſothfaſtneſſe
To me it is gret hevineſſe
That the noiſe is ſo ferre ygo,
And eke the ſclaundir, of us two,
But ſithin that it is befall
We maie it not againè call
Whan onis ſprongin is a fame;
For many' a yere withoutin blame
We have ben, and many a day,
For many' an Aprill, many' a May,
We han ypaſſid nothing ſhamed,
Til Jelouſie hath us yblamed

Of miſtruſt and ſuſpection
Cauſèleſſe, without encheſon:
Go we to Daungir haſtily,
And let us ſhewe him opinly
That he hath not aright ywrought
Whan that he ſettè not his thought
To kepin bettir the purpriſe:
In his doing he is not wiſe;
He hath to us do gretè wrong,
That hath ſuffirid now ſo long
Bialacoil to have his will
Allè his luſtis to fulfill:
He muſt amende it uttirly,
Or els ſhal he vilainouſly
Exilid be out of this londe,
For he the werre maie not withſtonde
Of Jelouſie, nor bere the grefe,
Sithe Bialacoil is at miſchefe.

To Daungir Shame and Drede anon
The rightè way ben both ygon;
The chorle thei foundin 'hem aforne
Ligging undir an hawethorne;
Undir his hed no pilowe was,
But in the ſtede a truſſe of gras;
He ſlombrid, and a knappe he toke,
Til Shamè pitouſly him ſhoke,

And grete manace on him gan make.
Why ſlepiſt thou whan thou ſhould wake?
(Quod Shame) thou doeſt us vilanie;
Who truſtith the he doth folie
To kepè roſis or bothoms
Whan thei ben: faire in ther ſeſons:
Thou arte woxe to familiere
Wher thou ſhould be ſtraunge of chere,
Stoute of thy porte, redy to greve:
Thou doeſt gret folie for to leve
Bialacoil here inne to call
The yongir man to ſhenden us all:
Though that thou ſlepe we mowin here
Of Jelouſie grete noiſè here:
Art thou now late? riſe up an hie,
And ſtoppe ſone and delivirly
Allè the gappis of the hay;
Do no favour I do the pray:
It fallith nothing to thy name
To' make fayre ſemblaunt where thou mayſte blame.

If Bialacoil be ſwete and fre
Doggid and fel thou ſhouldiſt be,
Froward and outragious i-wis;
A chorle chaungith that curteis is:
This have I herde oft in ſaying,
That man ne maie for no daunting

Make a ſperhauke of a boſarde:
Al men wol hold the for muſarde
That debonaire have foundin the:
It ſitteth the nought curteis to be:
To do men pleſaunce or ſerviſe
In the it is recreaundiſe:
Let thy werkis ferrè and nere
Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.
  Than al abaſhid in ſhewing
Anon ſpake Drede, right thus ſaying,
And ſayid, Daungir, I drede me
That thou ne woltè beſy be
To kepin that thou haſt to kepe:
Whan thou ſhouldeſt wake thou art a-ſlepe:
Thou ſhalt be grevid certainly
If the aſpyin Jelouſie,
Or if he findè the in blame;
He hath to day aſſailid Shame,
And chaſed away with grete manace
Bialacoil out of this place,
And ſwerith ſhortly that he ſhall
Encloſe him in a ſturdy wall;
And al is for thy wickidneſſe,
For that the failith ſtraungèneſſe;
Thine hert I trowe be failid all;
Thou ſhalt repent in ſpeciall,
If Jelouſie the ſothè knewe,
Thou ſhalt forthinke and ſorè rewe.

With that the chorle his clubbe gan ſhake,
Frowning his eyin gan to make,
And hidous chere, as man in rage;
For yre he brent in his viſage:
Whan that he herde him blamid ſo
He ſaid, Out of my witte I go,
To be diſcomfite I'have grete wrong;
Certis I have now lived to long
Sithe I may not this cloſir kepe:
Al quicke I would be dolvin depe
Yf any man ſhal more repayre
To this gardin for foule or fayre;
Mine hert for ire goith a-fere
That I let any entre here:
I have do foly now I ſe,
But now it ſhal amendid be:
Who ſettith fote here any more
Truly he ſhall repent it ſore,
For no man more into this place
Of me to entre ſhall have grace;
Levir I had with ſwerdis twaine
Throughout mine hert in every vaine,
Percid to be with many' a wounde
Than ſlouthè ſhould in me be founde:
From hennisforth by night or day
I ſhall defende it if I may
Withoutin any excepcion
Of eche manir condicion,

And if I it any man graunte
There holdith me for recreaunte.

Than Daungir on his fete gan ſtonde
And hent a burdon in his honde;
Wrothe in his ire ne left he nought,
But through the vergir he hath ſought
If he might findin hole or trace
Where through that me mote forth by pace,
Or any gappe, he did it cloſe;
That no man might touchin a Roſe
Of the roſir allè about,
He ſhittith every man without.
  Thus day by day Daungir is wers,
More wondirfull and more divers,
And fellir eke than evre' he was,
For him ful oft I ſinge alas!
For I ne may nought through his ire
Recovir that I moſte deſire:
Mine hert, alas! wol breſt a-two,
For Bialacoil I wrathid ſo;
For certainly in every membre
I quake whan that I me remembre
Of the bothom whiche that I wolde
Ful oft a day ſene and beholde;
And when I thinke upon the kiſſe,
And how much joie and how much bliſſe

I haddè through the ſavour ſwete,
For want of it I grone and grete:
Me thinketh I fele yet in my noſe
The ſotè ſavour of the Roſe,
And now I wote that I mote go
So ferre the freſhè flouris fro,
To me ful welcome were the dethe,
Abſence therof (alas!) me ſlethe;
For whilom with this Roſe, alas!
I touchid noſe, and mouthe, and face,
But now the deth I muſt abide:
But Love conſent an othir tide
That onis I touche maie and kiſſe
I trow my paine ſhal nevir liſſe;
Theron is all my covetiſe,
Whiche brent my hert in many wiſe:
Now ſhal repaire againe ſighing,
Long watche on nightes, and no ſleping,
Thought in wiſhing, turment, and wo,
With many' a tourning to and fro,
That halfe my paine I cannot tell,
For I am fallin into hell
From paradiſe and welthe: the more
My turment grevith, more and more
Anoyith now the bittirneſſe
That I to forne have felte ſwetneſſe:
And Wickid Tonge throughe his falſhede
Ycauſith all my wo and drede;

On me he lieth a pitous charge,
Bicauſe his tongè was to large.
Now is it time ſhortly that I
Tel you ſomthing of Jelouſy,
That was in grete ſuſpeccion:
About him lefte he no maſon
That ſtone could laie, ne no querrour,
He hirid 'hem to make a tour;
And firſt the roſis for to kepe
About 'hem made he a diche depe,
Right wondir large, and alſo brode,
Upon the whichè alſo ſtode
Of ſquarid ſtone a ſturdy wall,
Whiche on a cragge was foundid all,
And right grete thickneſſe eke it bare;
About it was yfoundid ſquare
An hundrid fadome' on every ſide;
It was al liche both long and wide:
Leſt any time it were aſſailed
Ful wel about it was batailed,
And rounde environ eke were ſet
Ful many' a riche and faire tournet:
At every cornir of this wall
Was ſet a tour ful principall,
And evèriche had without fable
A portcoliſe defenſable,
To kepe of en'enies, and to greve
That there ther forcè would ypreve.

And eke amiddè this purpriſe
Was made a tour of grete maiſtriſe,
A fairir ſaugh no man with ſight,
Lárgè and wide, and of grete might:
Thei draddè nought nonè aſſaut
Of ginn or gonn, nor of ſkaffaut:
The tempèreure of the mortere
Was made of lycoure wondir dere,
Of quicklime perſaunt and egre,
Which temprid was with vinegre.
The ſtone was harde of adamaunt
Wherof thei made the foundèmaunt;
The tour was rounde made in compas;
In al this world no richir was,
Ne bettir ordained therewithall:
About the tour was made a wall,
So that betwixt that and the toure
Roſis were ſet of ſwete ſavoure,
With many roſis that thei bere:
And eke within the caſtil were
Springoldis, gonnes, bowes, and archers,
And eke about at the corners
Men ſeinin ovir the wall ſtonde
Gret engins, which ywere nere honde,
And in the kernils here and there
Of arblaſtirs grete plentie were;
None armour mighte ther ſtroke withſtonde,
It were foly to preſe to honde:

Without the diche were liſtis made
With wal batailid large and brade,
For men and horſe ſhould not attaine
To nigh the diche ovir the plaine.
Thus Jeloſie hath environ
Yſette about his garniſon.
With wallis rounde and dichè depe,
Onely the roſir for to kepe,
And Daungir bothe erly and late
The keyes kept of the uttir gate,
The whiche opened towarde the eſt,
And he had with him at the leſt
Thurty ſervauntes echone by name.
  That othir gate was kept by Shame,
Whiche opinid, as it was couthe,
Towardis the parte of the ſouthe;
Sergeauntes aſſignid were her to
Full many, her will for to do:
Than Dredè had in her baillie
The keping of the conſtable'rie
Towarde the north I underſtonde,
That opened upon the lefte honde,
The whiche for nothing may be ſure
But if ſhe do her beſy cure
Erly on mor'we', and alſo late,
Strongly to ſhette and barre the gate.
Of every thing that ſhe may ſe
Drede is aferde where ſo ſhe be,

For with a puffe of litill winde
Drede is aſtonied in her minde,
Therfore for ſteling of the Roſe
I rede her nat the yate uncloſe:
A foul'is flight would make her fle,
And eke a ſhadowe, if ſhe' it ſe.

Than Wickid Tonge, full of envy,
With ſoudiers of Normandy,
As he that cauſith all debate,
Was kepir of the fourthè gate,
And alſo to the tothir thre
He went ful oftè for to ſe.
Whan his lotte was to walke a night
His inſtrumentis would be dight
For to blowin and makin ſoune
Oftir than he hath encheſoune,
And walkin oft upon the wall,
Cornirs and wickittes ovir all
Ful narowe ſerchin and eſpie:
Though he nought fonde yet would he lie
Diſcordaunt er fro armonie,
And diſſonid fro melodie;
Controve he would, and foulè faile,
With hornpipis of Cornèwaile;
In floitis made he diſcordaunce,
And in his muſike, with miſchaunce!

He wouldè ſeine with notis newe
That he ne fonde no woman trewe,
Ne that he ſawe nere in his life
Unto her huſbonde a trewe wife,
Ne none ſo ful of honeſte
That ſhe n'il laugh and mery be
Whan that ſhe hereth or may eſpie
A man ſpekin of lecherie:
Evèriche of 'hem hath ſome vice;
One is diſhoneſt, t'other nice;
Yf one be ful of vilanie
An othir hath a lico'rous eie;
If one be ful of wantoneſſe
Anothir is a chidireſſe.
Thus Wickid Tonge, God yeve him ſhame!
Can put 'hem everichone in blame
Without deſert, and cauſileſſe;
He lieth though thei ben giltileſſe:
I have pity to ſene the ſorowe
That wakith bothe evin and morowe
To innocentes doth ſuche grevaunce,
I pray God yeve him evil chaunce!
That he evir ſo beſy is
Of any woman to' ſeine amis.
Eke Jelouſie may God confounde!
That hath makid a toure ſo rounde,
And made about a gariſon,
To ſette Bialacoil in priſon,

The whiche is ſhette there in the tour,
Ful long to holdè ther ſojour,
There for to livin in penaunce;
And for to do him more grevaunce,
Whiche hath ordainid Jelouſie,
An oldè vecke for to eſpie,
The manir of his governaunce,
The whiche devil in her infaunce
Had lernid all of Lov'is arte,
And of his pleyis toke her parte:
She was expert in his ſerviſe;
She knewe eche wrenche and every giſe
Of Love, and every ſecret wile;
It was right harde her to begile.
  Of Bialacoil ſhe toke aie hede,
That er he liveth in wo and drède
He kepte him coye and eke prive,
Leſt that in him ſhe haddè ſe
Any lite foly countinaunce,
For ſhe knew all the oldè daunce.
  And after this whan Jelouſie
Had Bialacoil in his baillie,
And ſhette him up that was ſo fre,
For ſure of him he would ybe,
He truſtith ſore in his caſtell,
The ſtrongè werke him likith well;
He dradde nat that no glotons
Should ſtele his roſis or bothoms;

The rosis weren assurid all,
Defencid with the strongè wall:
Now Jelousie full well may be
Of drede devoide in liberte;
Whether that he or slepe or wake
Of his rosis may none be take.

But I (alas!) now mornè shall
Bicause I was without the wall:
Ful mochil dole and mone I made;
Who so had wist what wo I had
I trowe he would have had pite;
Love all to dere had soldè me;
The gode that of his love had I
I went about it al queintly,
But nowe through dubling of my paine
I se he woll it sell again,
And me a newè bargain lere,
The whiche all out the more is dere
For the solace that I have lorne
Than I had it nevir aforne:
Certain I am full like in dede
To him that caste in yerth his sede,
And hath joie of the newe springing
Whan it grenith in the ginning,
And is so faire and freshe of floure,
Lustie to sene, sote of odoure,

But er he it in ſhevis ſhere
Maie fall wethir that ſhall it dere,
And makin it to fade and fall
The ſtalke, the greine, and flouris all,
That to the tiller is fordoen,
The hope he had conceved to ſone.
I drede certaine that ſo fare I,
For hope and travaile ſikirly
Ben me birafte all with a ſtorme:
The floure n'ill ſedin of my corne,
For Love hath ſo avauncid me,
Whan I began my privite
To Bialacoil all for to tell,
Whom I ne founde froward ne fell,
But toke agre all whole my plaie;
But Love is of ſo harde aſſaie,
That all at ones he revid me
Whan I wened beſt above to' have be.
It is of Love as of Fortune,
That chaungith oft, and n'ill contune,
Whiche whilom will on folkè ſmile,
And glombe on 'hem an othir while;
Now frende now foe thou ſhalt her fele,
For a twincling tournith her whele.
 She can writhin her hedde awaie;
This is the concourſe of her plaie,
She can areiſe that doith mourne,
And whirle adoune and ovirtourne

Who ſittith hieſt but as her luſt:
A fole is he that woll her truſt,
For it is I that am come doune
Through charge and revolucioun;
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twin,
Shette in her priſon yonde within,
His abſence at mine herte I fele,
For all my joie and all mine hele
Y was in him and in the Roſe,
That but you woll, whiche him doeth cloſe,
Opin, that ſo I maie him ſe,
Love woll not that I curid be
Of the painis that I endure,
Nor of my cruill avinture.

Ah, Bialacoil, mine own dere!
Though thou be now a priſonere
Kepith at leſt thine herte to me;
Suffir not that it dauntid be,
Ne let not Jelouſie' in his rage
Puttin thine herte in no ſervage:
Although he chaſtice the without,
And make thy bodie to him lout,
Have herte as harde as diamaunt,
Stedfaſt and ſtout, and naught pliaunt:
In priſon though thy bodie be
At largè kepe thine hertè fre:

A trewè hert ne will not plie
For no manace that it maie drie:
If Jelouſie doith the pain
Quite him his wilè thus again,
To vengè the at leſt in thought,
If othir waie thou mayiſt nought,
And in this wiſe full ſubtillie
Worchin and winne the maiſtiry.
But yet I am in grete affraie
Leſt thou ſholdeſt nat doe as I ſaie;
I drede thou canſt me grete maugre
That thou enpriſoned art for me,
But yet right nought for my treſpas,
For through me nere diſcovered was
Yet thing that ought to be ſecre:
Well more annoiè is in me
Than is in the of this miſchaunce,
For I endure more hard penaunce
Than any man can ſaine or thinke,
That for the ſorowe' almoſte I ſinke:
Whan I remembir me' of my wo
Full nigh out of my witte I go.
 Inward mine herte I fele blede,
For comfortleſſe the deth I drede:
Owe I nat well to have diſtreſſe
Whan falſè through ther wickidneſſe,
And traitours, that arne envious,
To noien me be ſo coragious?

Ah, Bialacoil! full well I ſe
That thei 'hem ſhape to deceve the,
To make the buxum to ther lawe,
And with ther cordè the to drawe
Where ſo 'hem luſt, right at ther will;
I drede thei have the brought there till:
Withoutin comfort thought me ſlaeth;
This game would bring me to my deth,
For if that I your gode will leſe
I mote be dedde, I maie not cheſe,
And if that thou foryetè me
Mine herte ſhall nere in liking be,
Nor elliſwhere findin ſolace:
If I be put out of your grace,
As it ſhall nevir ben I hope,
Than ſhuldin I fall in wanhope.
Alas, in wanhope! naie, parde,
For I woll nere diſpeirid be:
If Hope me faile than alle am I
Ungracious and unworthy:
In Hope I woll comfortid be,
For Love, whan he betaught her me,
Sayid that Hope where ſo I go
Should aie be releſe to my wo.
But what and ſhe my balis bete,
And be to me curteis and ſwete?
She is in nothing full certain;
Lovirs ſhe put in full grete pain,

And makith 'hem with wo to dele:
Her faire beheste decevith fele,
For she woll behote sikirly
And failin aftir uttirly.
 Ah! that is a full noious thing,
For many' a lovir in loving
Hangeth upon her, and trustith fast,
Whiche lese ther travaile at the last.
 Of thing to comme she wote right nought,
Therefore if it be wisely sought
Her counsaile folie is to take;
For many times whan she woll make
A full gode syllogisme, I drede
That aftirwarde there shall in dede
Folowe an ill conclusion:
This put me in confusion,
For many times I have it sene
That many have begilid bene
For trust that thei have set in Hope,
Whiche fell 'hem aftirward a-slope.

But nath'less yet gladly she wold
That he that woll him with her hold
Had all timis her purpose clere
Withoutin deceipt any where;
That she desirith sikirly;
Whan I her blamed I did foly.

But what availith her gode will
Whan ſhe ne maie ſtaunche my ſtound ill?
That helpith lite that ſhe maie doe,
Out take beheſte unto my wo,
And heſtè certain in no wiſe
Without ifete is not to preiſe.
  Whan heſte and dede a ſondir vary
Thei doin a gretè contrary:
Thus am I poſſid up and doune
With dole, thought, and confuſioune:
Of my diſeſe there is no nomber,
Daungir and Shamè me encomber,
Dredè alſo and Jeloſie,
And Wickid Tong, full of envie,
Of whiche the ſharpe and cruill ire
Full oft me put in grete martire:
Thei have my joiè fully let,
Sith Bialacoil thei have beſhet
Fro me in priſon wickidly,
Whom I love ſo entierly,
That it wollin my banè be
But I the ſonir maie him ſe.
  And yet moreovir, worſt of all,
There' is ſet to kepe, foule her befall!
A rimplid vecke ferre ronne in age,
Frouning and yel'we' in her viſage,
Whiche in awaite lieth daie and night,
That none of him maie have a ſight.

Now mote my forowe enforced be;
Full fothe it is that Love yafe me
Thre wondir yeftis of his grace,
Whiche I have lorne now in this place,
Sithe thei ne maie withoutin drede
Helpin but lite who takith hede,
For here availith no Swetè Thought,
And Swetè Speche helpith right nought,
The thirde was callid Swete Loking,
That now is lorne without lefing.
Yeftis were faire, but nat for thy
Thei helpin me but fimpilly
But Bialacoil lofid be
To gone at large and to be fre;
For him my life lieth all in dout
But if he come the rathir out.
Alas! I trowe it woll nat ben,
For how fhould I ere more him fene?
He maie nat out, and that is wrong,
Bicaufe the tourè is fo ftrong:
How fhould he' out, or by whofe proweffe,
Out of fo ftrong a fortireffe?
By me certain it n'ill be doe,
God wotte I have no witte therto,
But well I wote I was in rage
Whan I to Love did my homage;

Who was the cauſe (in ſothfaſtneſſe)
But her ſelf Damè Idilneſſe,
Whiche me conveide through faire praiere
To' entir into that faire vergere?
She was to blamè me to leve,
The whiche now doeth me ſorè greve:
A fol'is worde is nought to trowe,
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe;
Men ſhould him ſnibbe bittirlie
At primè temps of his folie:
I was a fole, and ſhe me leved,
Through whom I am right nought releved:
She accompliſhid all my will
That now me grevith wondir ill.

Reſon me ſayid, What ſhould fall
A fole my ſelf I maie well call,
That Love aſide I had not laied,
And trowid that Dame Reſon ſaied;
Reſon had bothè ſkill and right
Whan ſhe me blamed with all her might
To medle' of Love, that hath me ſhent,
But certain now I woll repent.

And ſhould I repent? naie, parde,
A falſe traitour than ſhould I be:
The devil's engins would me take
If evir I Love would forſake,

Or Bialacoil falsly betraie.
Should I at mischief hate him? naie,
Sithe he now for his curtisie
Is in prison of Jelousie;
Curtisie certain did he me
So moche it maie not yoldin be:
Whan he the haie passin me lete
To kisse the Rosè faire and swete
Should I therefore conne him maugre?
Naie, certainly, it shall nat be,
For Love shall nevir, save gode will,
Here of me ne through worde or will
Offence or complaint more or lesse
Neithir of Hope nor Idlenesse;
For certis it were wrong that I
Hatid 'hem for ther curtisie.
There is not els but suffre' and thinke,
And wakin whan I shouldè winke,
Abide in hope till Love through chaunce
Sende me soccour or allegaunce,
Expectaunt aie till I maie mete
To gettin mercie of that swete.
  Whilom I thinke how Love to me
Sayid that he would take at gre
My service if unpacience
Ycausid me to doen offence;
He saied, In thanke I shall it take,
And high maistir eke the ymake,

If Wickidneſſe ne reve it the,
But, ſone, I trowe that ſhall nat be.
These were his wordis by and by,
It ſemed he lovid me truely.
Now is there not but ſervė him wele
If that I thinke his thankę to fele:
My gode, mine harme, lithe whole in me,
In Lovė maie no defaute ybe,
For true Love ne failed nevir man;
Sothly the faute mote nedis than,
As God forbide, be founde in me,
And how it cometh I can not ſe.
Now let it gone as it maie go,
Wher Love woll ſoccour me or ſlo,
He maie do wholly on me his will;
I am ſo ſore ybounde him till
From his ſervice I maie not flene,
For life and deth withoutin wene
Is in his handę; I maie nat cheſe;
He maie me doe bothe winne and leſe:
And ſithe ſo ſore he doeth me greve,
Yet if my luſt he would acheve,
To Bialacoil godely to be,
I yeve no force what fell on me;
For though I die, as I mote nede,
I praie Love of his godelihede
To Bialacoil doe gentilneſſe,
For whom I live in ſoche diſtreſſe

That I mote dyin for penaunce:
But firſt withoutin repentaunce
I' will me confeſſe in gode entent,
And make in haſte my teſtament,
As lovirs doin that felin ſmerte.
To Bialacoil leve I mine herte
All whole, withoutin departing
Or doubleneſſe or repenting.

Coment Raiſon vient a L'amant.

Thus as I madin my paſſage
In compleint and in cruill rage,
And I n'ot where to finde a leche
That couthe unto mine helping eche,
Sodainly again comin doun
Out of her toure I ſawe Reſoun,
Diſcrete and wiſe, and full pleſaunt,
And of her porte full avenaunt:
The right waie ſhe toke unto me,
Whiche ſtode in grete perplexite,
That was poſhid in every ſide,
That I n'iſt where I might abide,
Till ſhe, demurely ſadde of chere,
Sayid to me as ſhe came nere;
Mine ownè frende, art thou agreved?
How is this quarell yet acheved
Of Lov'is ſide? anon me tell
Haſt thou not yet of love thy fill?

Art thou nat werie' of thy ſervice
That the hath grevid in ſoche wiſe?
  What joie haſte thou in thy loving?
Is it a ſwete or bittir thing?
Canſt thou yet cheſin, let me ſe,
What beſt thy ſuccour mightin be?
  Thou ſerviſt a full noble lorde,
That maketh the thrall for thy rewarde,
Whiche aie renewith thy tourment,
With folie ſo he hath the blent:
Thou fell in miſchief thilkè daie
Whan thou diddiſt, the ſothe to ſaie,
To him obeiſaunce and homage:
Thou wroughtiſt nothing as the ſage
Whan thou became his liegè man;
Thou diddiſt a grete folie than:
Thou wiſtiſt nat what fell therto,
With what lorde thou haddiſt to doe;
If that thou haddiſt him well knowe
Thou haddiſt nought be brought ſo lowe,
For if that thou wiſte what it were
Thou n'oldiſt ſerve him halfe a yere,
No, nat a weke nor halfe a daie,
Ne yet an houre without delaie:
Ne nevir I loved paramours,
His lordſhip is ſo full of ſhours:
Knowiſt him ought,
L'amaunt? Ye, Dame, parde.

Raiſoun. Naie, naie. L'amaunt. Yes I.
Raiſoun. Wherefore, let ſe.
L'amaunt. Of that he ſayid I ſhould be
Glad to have ſoche a lorde as he,
And maiſtir of ſoche ſeignorie.
Raiſoun. Knoweſt him no more?
L'amaunt. Naie, certis I,
Save that he yafe me rulis there,
And went his waie I ne wiſt where,
And I abode bounde in balaunce:
Lo, there a noble cognifaunce!

Raiſoun.

But I woll that thou knowe him now
Ginning and ende, ſithin that thou
Art ſo anguiſhous and ſo mate,
Disfigurid out of aſtate,
There maie no wreche have more of wo,
Ne catife non endurin ſo;
It were to every man fitting
Of his lorde to have knowleging,
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou ſhouldiſt ſcapin out
Of thy priſon that marrith the.

L'amaunt.

Yea, Dame, ſithin my lorde is he,
And I his man made with mine honde
I wouldè right faine undirſtonde

To knowin of what kinde he be,
If any would enformè me.

Raisoun.

I would (sayid Reson) the lere,
Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,
And shewin the withoutin fable
A thing that is not demonstrable.
Thou shalt knowe withoutin science
And withoutin experience
The thing that maie not knowin be,
Ne wist ne shewed in no degre,
Thou maiest the sothe of it not witten
Although in the it were ywritten;
Thou shalt not knowin thereof more
While thou art rulid by his lore,
But unto him that Love will flie
The knottè maie unclosid be
Whiche hath to the, as it is founde,
So longe to knitte and not unbounde:
Now set well thine entencion
To here of love the discripcion.

Lovè it is an hateful pese,
A fre' acquitaunce without relese,
And through the fret full of falshede
A sikirnesse all set in drede;
In herte is a dispering hope,
And full of hope it is wanhope;

A wise wodnesse, and voide reson,
A swetè perill in to droun,
An hevie burthin light to bere,
A wickid wawe awaie to were;
It is Charybdis perilous,
Disagreable and gracious;
It' is discordaunce that can acorde,
And accordaunce unto discorde;
It is conning without science,
And wisedom without sapience,
Witte withoutin discrecion,
Havoire without possession;
It is like hele and whole sickenesse,
A trust drounid and dronkinesse,
And helth all full of maladie,
And charite full of envie,
And angre full of aboundaunce,
And a full gredie suffisaunce,
Delite right full of hevinesse,
And drerinefs-full of gladnesse,
Bittir swetenesse and swete errour,
Right evill savoured gode savour,
A sin that pardone hath withinne,
And pardone spottid without sinne,
A paine also it is joious,
And felonie right pitèous,
Also a plaie that selde is stable,
And stedfastnefs right mevable,

A ſtrength weikid to ſtonde upright,
And a febleneſſe full of might,
Witte unaviſid, ſage folie,
And joiè full of tourmentrie,
A laughtir it is weping aie,
Reſt that travailith night and daie,
Alſo a ſwetè hell it is,
And a ſorowfull paradis,
A pleſaunt gaile and eſie priſoun,
And full of froſtis ſomir ſeſoun,
Primè temps full of froſtis white,
And Maie devoide of all delite,
With ſere braunchis bloſſoms ungrene,
And newe fruiƈt filled with wintir tene;
It is a ſlowe maie not forbere,
Ragges ribanid with gold to were,
For all ſo well woll Love be ſette
Undir raggis as riche rotchette,
And eke as well by amorettes
In mourning blacke as bright burnettes,
For none is of ſo mokill priſe,
Ne no man foundin is ſo wiſe,
Ne no man ſo high of parage,
Ne no man founde of witte ſo ſage,
No man ſo hardie ne ſo wight,
Ne no man of ſo mokill might,
None ſo fulfillid of bounte,
That he with love maie dauntid be;

All the worldè holdith this waie,
Love makith all to gone miſwaie
But it be thei of evill life,
Whom Genius curſid, man and wife,
That wrongly werke again Nature;
None ſoche I love, ne have no cure
Of ſoche as Lov'is ſervauntes bèn,
And woll nat by my counſaile fleen,
For I ne preiſin that loving
Where through man at the laſt ending
Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,
Love grevith 'hem and ſhendith ſo;
But if thou wolt well Love eſchewe
For to eſcape out of his mewe,
And make all whole the ſorowe ſlake,
No bettir counſaile maieſt thou take
Than thinke to flein well i-wis,
Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,
If thou flie it it ſhall flie the,
Folowe' it and folowen ſhall it the.

L'amaunt.

Whan I had herid Reſon ſain,
Whiche had yſpilt her ſpeche in vain,
Dame, (ſayid I) I dare well ſaie
Of this avaunt me well I maie,
That from your ſchole ſo deviaunt
I am, that nere the more avaunt

Right nought I am through your doctrine;
I dulle undir your diſcipline;
I wot no more than I wiſte ever,
To' me ſo contrarie and ſo fer
Is every thing that ye me lere,
And yet I can it all by partivere;
Mine herte foryeteth thereof right nought;
It is ſo writtin in my thought,
And depe gravin it is ſo tender,
That all mine herte I can it render,
And rede it ovir communely,
But to my ſelf lewdiſt am I.

But ſithe ye love diſcrivin ſo,
And lacke and preiſe it bothè two,
Definith it into this letter,
That I maie thinke on it the better,
For I herd nevir defined here,
And wilfully I would it lere.
Raiſoun. If love be ſerchid well and ſought,
It is a ſickeneſſe of the thought,
Annexid and knedde betwixt tweine,
Which male and female with o cheine
So frelie bindeth, that thei n'ill twinne
Whedir thereof thei leſe or winne:
The rote ſpringith through hote brenning
In to diſordinate deſiring

For to kiſſin and to enbrace,
And at ther luſt them to ſolace;
Of othir thing Love retchith nought,
But ſetteth ther herte and all ther thought
More for ther delectacioun
Than any procreacioun
Of other fruict by engendrure,
Whiche love to God is nat pleſure,
For of ther bodie fruicte to get
Thei yeve no force, thei are ſo ſet
Upon delite to plaie in fere;
And ſome have alſo this manere
To fainin 'hem for lovè ſeke;
Soche love I preiſe not at a leke,
For paramours thei doe but faine,
To lovin truely thei diſdaine;
Thei falſin ladies traitourſly,
And ſwerne 'hem othis uttirly,
With many' a leſing, many' a fable,
And all thei findin diſceivable.
  And whan thei han ther luſt ygetten
The hote ernes thei all foryetten;
Women the harme byin full ſore;
But men this thinkin evirmore,
The laſſe harme is, ſo mote I the,
Diſceive them than diſceivid be,
And namily where thei ne maie
Findin none othir mene ne waie,

For I wote well in ſothfaſtneſſe,
That who doeth now his buſineſſe
With any woman for to dele
For any luſt that he maie fele,
But if it be for engendrure
He doeth treſpaſſe I you enſure,
For he ſhould ſettin all his will
To getten a likely thing him till,
And to ſuſtain, if that he might,
And kepin forth by kind'is right
His owne likèneſſe and ſemblable;
For bicauſe all' is corrumpable,
And failin ſhould ſucceſſioun,
Ne were there generacioun,
Our ſect'is ſtrenè for to ſave,
Whan fadre' or mothir arne in grave
Ther childrin ſhulde whan they ben dede
Full diligent ben in ther ſtede
To uſe that worke on ſoche a wiſe
That one maie through an othir riſe;
Therefore ſet kinde therein delite,
For men therein ſhould 'hem delite,
And of that dedè be not erke,
But oftè ſithis haunt that werke,
For none would drawe thereof a draught
Ne were delite whiche hath him caught;
This had ſubtill Dame Nature,
For none goeth right I the enſure,

Ne hath entten whole ne parfite,
For ther desire is for delite,
The whiche fortenid crese, and eke
The plaie of love, for oft thei seke
And thrall 'hem self, thei be so nice,
Unto the prince of every vice,
For of eche sinne it is the rote
Unlefull lust, though it be sote,
And of all evill the racine,
As Tullius can determine,
Whiche in his time was full sage,
In a boke whiche he made of age,
Where that more he ypraisith Elde,
Though he be crokid and unwelde,
And more of commendacioun
Than Youth in his discripcioun;
For youth set bothè man and wife
In all perill of soule and life,
And perill is, but men have grace,
The perill of youth for to pace
Without any deth or distresse,
It is so full of wildènesse,
So oft it doeth shame and domage
To him or unto his linage,
It ledith man now up now doun,
In mokill dissolucioun,
And maketh him love ill companie,
And lede his life disrulilie,

And halte him paied with none eſtate;
Within himſelf is ſoche debate
He chaungith purpoſe and entent,
And yaltè into ſome covent,
To livin aftir ther empriſe,
And leſith fredome and fraunchiſe
That Nature in him had yſet,
The whiche again he maie not get,
If there he make his manſion,
For to abide profeſſion;
Though for a time his herte abſent
It maie not faile he ſhall repent,
And eke abidin thilkè daie
To leve' his abite and gon his waie,
And leſeth his worſhip and his name,
And dare not come again for ſhame,
But all his life he doeth ſo mourne,
Bicauſe he dare not home retourne,
Fredome of kinde ſo loſt hath he
That nevir maie recurid be,
But that if God him grauntin grace
That he maie, er he hennis pace,
Contein undir obedience,
Through the vertue of pacience;
For youth ſet man in all folie,
In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
In lecherie and in outrage,
So oft it chaungith of corage:

Youth ginnith oft ſoche a bargain
That maie not end withoutin pain:
In grete perill is ſet Youth-hede,
Delite ſo doeth his bridill lede:
Delite this hangith, drede the nought,
Bothe mann'is bodie and his thought;
Onily through youth'is chambere,
That to doen ill is cuſtomere,
And of naught ellis takith hede
But onely folkis for to lede
Into diſport and wildèneſſe
So froward is it from ſadneſſe,
But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro;
Who wote it not he maie well go,
And mo of 'hem that now arne old,
That whilom youth yhad in hold,
Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age
How it 'hem brought in many' a rage,
And many' a folie therin wrought,
But now that elde hath 'hem through ſought
Thei repent 'hem of ther folie
That youth 'hem put in jeopardie,
In perill and in mokill woe,
And made 'hem oft amiſſe to doe,
And ſewin evill companie
And riot and advouterie.

But Eldè gan againe restraine
From suchè foly and refraine,
And set men by her ordinaunce
In gode rule and in governaunce;
But ill she spendith her servise,
For no man wol her love ne preise;
She is hatid, this wote I wele,
Her acqueintaunce would no man fele,
Ne han of Eldè companie,
Men hate to be of her alie,
For no man wold becomin olde,
Ne die whan he is yonge and bolde;
And Elde mervailith right gretely
Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly
Of many' a perillous emprise
Whiche that thei wrought in sondry wise,
How evir thei might without blame
Escape awaie withoutin shame,
In youth without any domage,
Without reprefe of ther linage,
Losse of membre, sheding of blode,
Perill of deth, or losse of gode.
Wotist thou nat where Youth abit,
That men so preisin in ther wit?
With Delite she yhalte sojour,
For both thei dwellin in o tour:

As long as Youthe is in feson
Thei dwellin in one manfion:
Delite of Youth woll have fervice
To do what fo he woll devife,
And Youth is redy evirmore
For to obey for fmerte or fore
Unto Delite, and him to yeve
Her fervice while that fhe maie live.
  Where Elde abitte I wol the tell
Shortily, and no while ydwelle,
For thidir behoveth the to go,
Yf Deth in youthè the not flo;
Of this journey thou maifte not faile.
With her Labour and eke Travaile
Lodgid ben, with Sorow and Wo,
That nevir out of her court go,
Paine and Diftreffe, Sickeneffe and Ire,
AndMelan'coly, that angry fire,
Ben of her paleis fenatours,
Groning and grutching her herbegeours:
The day and night her to tourment
With cruill Deth thei her prefent,
And tellin her erliche and late
That Death ftondeth armid at her gate;
Than bring thei to her remembraunce
The foly dedes of her enfaunce,
Whiche caufin her to mourne in wo
That youth hath her begilid fo,

Whiche ſodainly awaie is haſted;
She weped the time that ſhe hath waſted,
Complaining of the preteritte
And the preſent, that nat abitte,
And of her oldè vanite,
That but aforne her ſhe maie ſe
In the future ſome ſmale ſocoure
To leggin her of her doloure,
To graunt her time of repentaunce,
For her ſinnis to do penaunce,
And at the laſt ſo her governe,
To winne the joye that is eterne,
Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,
In vanite to drowne and wade;
For preſent time abidith nought,
It is more ſwifte than any thought;
So litill while it doth endure
That there ne is compte ne meſure.
  But how that evir the game go,
Who liſt love joye and mirth alſo
Of love, be it or he or ſhe,
Or hie or lowe, who ſo it be,
In frute thei ſhouldin 'hem delite,
Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite,
To ſave 'hem ſelf in honeſte;
And yet full many one I ſe
Of women, ſothly for to ſaine,
That deſirin and wouldin faine

The plaie of love, thei be ſo wilde,
And not coveite to go with childe;
And if with childe thei be perchaunce,
Thei wol it holde a grete miſchaunce;
But what ſo evir wo thei fele
Thei wol not plainin, but çoncele,
But it be any fole or nice,
In whome that ſhame hath no juſtice;
For to delite echone thei drawe
That haunt this worke, both hie and lawe,
Save ſuche that arnè worth right nought,
That for money wol be ybought;
Suche love I preiſin in no wiſe
Whan it is given for covetiſe;
I preiſe no woman, though ſhe' is wode,
That yeveth her ſelfe for any gode,
For litill ſhould a man ytelle
Of her that wil her body ſelle,
Be ſhe a maide or be ſhe wife,
That quicke wol ſelle her by her life,
How faire chere that evir ſhe make,
He is a wretche I undirtake.
That love ſuche one, for ſwete or ſoure,
Though ſhe him callèd her paramoure,
And laugheth on him, and maketh him feſt,
For certainly no ſuchè beſt
To be lovid is nat worthy,
Or berin the name of Drury;

None ſhould her pleſe, but he wer wode,
That wol diſpoile him of his gode:
Yet nathèleſſe I wol not ſaie
That ſhe for ſolace and for plaie
Maie a jewil or othir thing
Take of her lov'is fre yeving,
But that ſhe aſke it in no wiſe
For drede of ſhame or covetiſe;
And ſhe of hers maie him certaine
Without ſclaundir yevin againe,
And joyne ther hertes togidir ſo
In love, and take and yeve alſo:
Trowe nat that I wollin 'hem twinne
Whan in ther love there is no ſinne;
I wol that thei togidir go,
And done al that thei han ado,
As curtis ſhould and debonaire,
And in ther love berin 'hem faire
Withoutin vice, both he and ſhe,
So that alwaie in honeſte
Fro folly Love to kepe 'hem clere,
That brennith hertis with his fere,
And that ther love in any wiſe
Be devoide of all covetiſe.
Gode lovè ſhould engendrid be
Of trewè hert, juſte and ſecre,
And not of ſuche as ſet ther thought
To have ther luſt and ellis nought,

So are thei caught in Lov'is lace
Trewly for bodily ſolace;
Fleſhely delite is ſo preſent
With the, that ſet al thine entent
Withoutin more, what ſhould I gloſe?
For to gettin and have the Roſe,
Whiche makith the ſo mate and wode
That thou deſireſt none other gode:
But thou art not an inche the nerre,
But evre' abideſt in ſorroue' and werre,
As in thy face it is yſene;
It makith the bothe pale and lene;
Thy might, thy vertue, gothe awaie,
A ſory geſt in godè faie
Thou harboriſt than in thine inne,
The god of Love whan thou let inne;
Wherfore I rede thou ſhette him oute,
Or he ſhal greve the out of doute,
For to thy profite it wol turne,
If he no more with the ſojourne.
In grete miſchefe and ſorow ſonken
Ben hertis that of love arne dronken,
As thou peraventure knowen ſhall
Whan thou haſt loſt thy time all,
And ſpent thy thought in idilneſſe,
In waſte, and woful luſtineſſe.
Yf thou maiſt live the time to ſe
Of love for to delivered be

Thy time thou ſhalt bewepè ſore,
The whiche nevir thou maiſt reſtore,
For time yloſt, as men may ſe,
For nothing may recovered be:
And if thou ſcape yet at the laſte
Fro Love that hath the ſo faſte
Yknitte and boundin in his lace,
Certaine I holde it but a grace;
For many one, as it is ſeine,
Have loſte and ſpent alſo in veine
In his ſervice without ſocour
Body and ſoule, gode and treſour,
And witte and ſtrength, and eke richeſſe,
Of whiche thei had nevir redreſſe.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Reſon,
But Love yſpilte hath her ſermon,
That was ſo impid in my thought
That her doctrine I ſet at nought,
And yet ne ſaide ſhe nevre' a dele
That I ne underſtode it wele
Wordè by worde the matir all;
But unto Love I was ſo thrall,
Whiche callith ovir all his praie,
He chaſith ſo my thoughtis aie,
And holdeth mine herte undir his ſele
As truſty' and trewe as any ſtele,

So that I no devocion
Ne haddè in the wise sermon
Of Dame Reson, ne of her rede
I toke no sojour in mine hede,
For allè yede out at one ere
That in that othir she did lere;
Fully on me she lost her lore;
Her speche me grevid wondir sore,

That unto her for ire I saide,
For angir as I did abraide,
Dame, and is it your will algate
That I not love but that I hate
All men, as ye me now do teche?
For if I do aftir your speche,
Sith that you seine love is not gode,
Than must I nedis say with mode,
Yf I it leve, in hatrid aie
Livin, and voidin love awaie
Ferrè from me a sinful wretche,
Yhatid of allè that tetche,
I may not go none othir gate,
For eithir must I love or hate,
And if I hatin men of newe
Morè than love it wol me rewe,
As by your preching semith me,
For Love nothing ne praisith the:

Ye yeve gode counſaile ſikirly
That prechith me al day that I
Ne ſhould not Lov'is lore alowe;
He were a fole woulde you not trowe;
In ſpeche alſo ye han me taught
Anothir love that knowen is naught,
Whiche I have herde you not repreve:
To love eche othir, by your leve,
If ye would definin it me,
I wouldin gladly here, to ſe
At the leſt if I mowin lere
Of ſondry lovis the manere.

Raiſon.

Certis, frende, a grete fole art thou,
Whan that thou nothing wolt alow
Whiche that I for thy profite ſaie;
Yet wol I ſaie the more in faie,
For I am redy at the leſt
To accompliſhin thy requeſt;
But I n'ot where it wol aveile;
In vaine perav'enture I travaile.
Lovè there is in ſondrie wiſe,
Right as I ſhall the here dèviſe.
For ſome love leful is and gode,
I mene not that whiche maketh the wode,
And bringith the in many' a fitte,
And raviſheth fro the al thy witte,

It is ſo marveilous and queint;
With ſuche love be no more aqueint.

Comment Raiſon diffiniſt Aunſete.

Love of frendſhippe alſo there is
Whiche makith no man don amis,
Of wille yknitte betwixtin two,
That wol not breke for wele ne wo,
Whiche long is likely to contune,
Whan wil and godes ben in commune,
Groundid by Godd'is ordinaunce,
All whole withoutin diſcordaunce,
With them yholding commauncè,
Of al ther gode in charite,
That there be none exceptioun
Through chaunging of ententioun,
That eche helpe othir at ther nede,
And wiſely hele both worde and dede,
Trewe of mening, devoide of ſlouthe,
For wit is nought withoutin trouthe,
So that the t'one dare all his thought
Saine to his frende, and ſparin nought,
As to him ſelfe, without dreding
To be diſcovered by wreying,
For glad is that conjunctioun
Whan there is none ſuſpectioun
Betwixtin 'hem whome thei wold prove,
That trewe and perfite weren in love;

For no man may be amiable
But if he be ſo ferme and ſtable
That Fortune chaunge him not ne blinde,
But that his frende alway him finde
Bothe pore and riche in one eſtate,
For if his frende through any gate
Wol complaine of his poverte
He ſhould not bide ſo long til he
Of his helping doth him require,
For gode dede done thorough prayire
Is ſolde and bought to dere i-wis
To hert that of grete valure is,
For hert fulfiled of gentilneſſe
Can evill demene his diſtreſſe ;
And man that worthy is of name
To aſkin oftin hath grete ſhame.
  A gode man brennith in his thought
For ſhame whan that he aſkith ought ;
He hath grete thought, and dredith aie
For his diſeſe whan he ſhal praie
His frende leſt that he warnid be
Till he preve his ſtabilite :
But whan that he hath foundin one
That truſly is and trewe as ſtone,
And hath aſſayid him at all,
And founde him ſtedfaſt as a wall,
And of his frendſhippe be certaine,
He ſhal him ſhewe bothe joie and paine,

And all that he dare thinke or ſaie,
Withoutin ſhame, as he well maie,
For how ſhould he aſhamid be
Of ſuche an one as I tolde the?
For whan he wot his ſecret thought
The third ſhall know therof right nought,
For twey in nombre' is bet than thre
In every counſaile and ſecre:
Repreve he dredith nevre' a dele
Who that beſet his wordis wele,
For every wiſe man out of drede
Can kepe his tong till he ſe nede.
And ſolis can not holde ther tonge;
A fol'is belle is ſone yronge;
Yet ſhall a trewe frende doin more
To helpe his felowe of his ſore,
And ſocour him whan he hath nede
In all that he may done in dede,
And gladdir that he him pleſith
Than his felowe that he eſith:
And if he do nat his requeſt
He ſhal as mochil him moleſt
As his felowe, bicauſe that he
Maie not fulfill his volunte
All fully as he hath required.
If both the hertis Love hath fired

Bothe joye and wo thei ſhall departe,
And take evinly eche his parte,
Halfe his anoye he ſhal have aie,
And comforte him what that he maie,
And of his bliſſè parte ſhal he,
If love wollin departid be.

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END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.